Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 2

The Forbidden Touches

Freshman to sophomore days, I am sick of chasing a fantasy that is never going to be a reality; truly, I just do not care anymore. It is like she is not the same girl anymore what happened?

~Chiaz~

So far, I cannot stop my feelings of wanting her here. I just cannot move on. Just tear out my heart and slam it on the floor. Your blue eyes shine. It makes my heart sore.

You are my life; you are like an angel. You are like a knife, you are everything, that I never needed and

everything that I ever admired. I wish you could see that; I am trying to move on. I wish you could see that; you are the one. I wish you could feel that I no longer care. I wish you could feel that I am still there. I can see you; I can feel you, and- do I need you?

Girl, I do need you.

Yet she is always in control, even now. I am nothing but a fool; I can tell you whatever you wanted to hear. All the words from the past are still unclear, I can tell you do not have to cry a tear anymore. You do not need me up there… Do you see me? I need you…

yet you are not here. What can I do without you? I do not want to say goodbye.

Yet you made me cry!

~Nevaeh~

Chapter: 10

Blooming, yet Blurring Sentences

Nevaeh- There is nothing like the smell of blossoms in the springtime at night, in early May. The nights are long and the scent in the breeze is awe-inspiring. I stand outside in the elements, and it is so lovely, yet it

contrasts with the way I feel inside, it is like everything is taken away like it is fading away.

Everyone else can have their moments in elegant apparel ones more, yet I feel like that tree in the background that has no leaves on it. It has been left behind; with no beauty anymore, it is dead to the world.

The blossoms are gone forever in my mind, unlike my surroundings that are covered in pinks and whites, the beautiful colors that cascade to the ground that show the end of what is no longer a season of time. The white

blossoms are like the memories that I can never have.

They symbolize to me what was there when I was younger, and like that- now she, the girl in a white lace dress that was named Lily, has been sealed away in her casket, that is now in the ground under my feet for all time.

Yet, everyone else is blooming all around me, yet I am not part of their surroundings anymore.

The little girl has fallen like a petal in the wind without me, and the

dead tree on the inside is all that is left behind.

The time we could have had together is no longer there, or going to be. Just like the holding hands of the past are now part of the white blossoms of the springs of days gone by.

I have forever disconnected from the branches which bring us together. The beauty of my life is gone, and the flowers have bloomed for the last time.

Nevertheless, the memory of white, not the colors will be the memories that will never be forgotten,

since I have never been allowed to blossom with another.

All my colors fade to white. On that spring night, moments that do not feel right, observing all the blossoms in stunning white, wishing that I was part of the magnificent sight. Then again, we could have the only blossom when the time is right, on one of these beautiful spring nights, I guess that was not what was right?

Summer break seems to come and go so fast, and then it is back into the same routine of hell. Yet with some new faces, the classes are all the same,

the teachers are all the same… as for me, my life is the same.

Yet with one girl in my classless, yet- ‘One year down, three more to go.’ In my time of grieving, I sometimes went to The Jena May's Family Restaurant, I did not eat much there, I tried to make new friends with the girls on the job. I cannot have what I had… No- that was a waste of time. I knew that… but I tried, no one can replace her. In that restaurant there is a relaxed country atmosphere, it is the only restaurant in the town really, in ‘The Land of Many Steeples’, which slops out what most would call

respectable food. It is an enjoyable place for all, yet the faces in the crowd still stare when I am in there. Most of the girls that work there that are my age or younger just hide in the kitchen when they see me sitting there, and talk about me.

Likewise, because of that, they stick me with the same crappy, snotty, and just plain creepy- freaky waitress every time, saying I stock them to the town and the police. Ha, yeah right keep dreaming. The people in the restaurant see me and they turn away in fright. It is the most common method of disapproval by society, for instance

when two individuals are sitting in their booths.

Yet slightly turned away from me with their one hand pressed against their face, while looking at the other person and talking about me, at the table, I know the whispering is about me. Whatever, say what you want, I am not going to stop you, or change your mind and what you think. Life is all about reading someone's body language and figuring out what they are truly thinking. I know that I am not welcome… anywhere in this town, it is so apparent to me anymore what they are thinking, and projecting to me.

However, they just do not realize the signs that they are giving off… or maybe they do? Hello- I am over here, I am not a piece of shit, you no! I find this to be kind of pathetic, to think that I am the one that is supposed to have a staring problem. If that is what they want to say, I cannot stop them from making judgments.

If you stay at home, and mind you are on business then they labeled you like a creeper. However, if you go out, and try to be nice to people, talk, and socialize with them then you're considered to be a stalker… you just cannot win at their games. I did not

know that small talk could be so terrifying.

Nor do I care what they think anymore, I have learned that I have to be perfect in everything I do, why? For the reasons that everything I do is amplified by the tower and her clan. In other words, everything I do is known or twisted to be known in different non-beneficial- ways.

Do you understand that? I always have to think twice about doing something or being with someone, since there is always a setup waiting around the corner. I wonder what it

would be like to have so-called normal parents, and not an adoptive parent. I have a so-called family, but they do not truly care about me.

I am forever an orphan in my mind, and that so-called family, they're just a waste of life in my opinion. Besides, the ones that want to be part of their lives' existence just let them slip away, while they turn their backs. Yet they cannot figure out that I do not care what they do, nor do they understand that I do not want to be in their existence. They have no time for me, nor do I have the time for them.

Then life moves on while the others fade away- that is okay!

This comes to my mind. For instance, being at this restaurant, I saw a family together and the parents were socializing with the children. I wonder what it would be like to have a family. I see a father as he affectionately runs his fingers through his teenage daughter’s hair. I wonder what that would be like, to know that he cared that much, and cherishes every moment of being together.

Though just like everything else in my life, I was cheated out of that too.

Nevertheless, I know someday that I will have my own family and something that I can call my own. It is just a matter of time- hopefully. All the same, I see her mother sitting there staring at her cell phone, without a care about anyone or anything except that device. I wonder what that is like too.

It makes me cringe to think that society cares more about electronics than our families; yes, I find

this to be disturbing, but what can I do? So, some time has passed, so I get up, and I put my money down on the counter, next to the register, $3.00 for a cold cup of coffee. I gave her a tip of what was left over from my five to that girl. What is her name…? While the two other girls look at me bashfully in the back. I think that they both have the same names if I recall.

Anyways I walk in-between the tables, I see the door, push the door open and I hear the doorbells jingle, and slam on the glass. Besides, they all can come out from hiding now. I am leaving. Yapper- I think… I will go

home now while walking. I ponder this- Life is rebellion, either you are told to do something, which you do not want to do; or have to do it because it is what you think that you need to do. Either way, you just cannot win the game of life.

We as humans are born helpless, and we pass on helpless, only if we can survive to old age. We live in a land of death, yet we still have hope in this cold world.

You just have to look up to see what you need. Besides, what I need is a way out of this hell! It is like some of

these humans in my life have infernos within their eyes; it is like they are the ones that are trying to extinguish all the unity of compassion out of me.

Either way to them the world with me in it is never going to be at the right Fahrenheit, the book of life has been set aflame to burn, so they can get rid of me too, or so it seems. I find myself getting more and more disturbed, and disturbed by them and what they do. Nobody wants to listen anymore.

No one hears what I am saying… yet I can scream it, and

nothing happens. It is like I go to, be left only with an empty void of spun webs, in my brain for validating this life I have to live. The unacknowledged barrenness that was once thought to be wise in my mind seems to be fleeting before me, as I become more like the others in my grouping, they are trying to make me senseless and to know only what they want me to know. As the days passed, I learned nothing, nothing at all!

Zip, zero, and zilch, the only things I learned are the feelings of pain in my emotions and regressing in my education. I find that I get so upset, by

not getting out of this, and knowing I cannot ever, it makes me glitch as if I do have some kind of not right thing to do; I cannot even write a word down, because they make me so tense, annoyed, and humiliated.

That is what they needed for their label. They made me be like this! Just like this is the same book I had from before, I am not in first grade! I am not like this; I have been seeing Spot, Dick, and Jan… Run for over nine years. I know the fucking story! I do not need to do these little notebooks that are so insulting to my intelligence, which does not even form real words.

Most of the time it is like just matching the pictures. I do not need to have books withdrawn; I can invade my mind as I read for myself what the story is about… I do not need your educator to read my novels for me day in and day out. Like it is story time… to gather around. So, do you want me to suck my thumb too?

Besides, the schools shrink, hell- she is a lot crazier than I will ever be… yeah- so, suck on that! Oh, by the way- 'You did not raise- Me.' If anything, you are a scar on my life. You are not a help to me at all. If anything, you, Miss. Roth is a hindrance. Yeah- I

think she is losing it… kind of like her pantie hose, which she has on in the beginnings of the day, yet not at its end. Hum- do you have to wonder how that happened?

Yet, it is no wonder to me why she drives a big fancy Cadillac. For the reason, who with all the money, is I have made for her over the years… while you can get the picture. They mandatorily forced me into that brain-numbing bullshit for a reason.

Their greed leads to a rich retirement of accomplishment, while as for me I only have a trademark of being

a loser in not having a life or being able to make a life for myself! All you so-called teachers at the hellhole you can shove you are- ‘Hooked on Phonics, Woodcock test, and you are Speech exercises up your asses, until you choke on it, as it comes back out of your mouth!

You think that was tacky phrasing. Ha- I was holding back, ask me in person, what I think, and you will get an earful!

Likewise, you reading to us every book, and every direction, along with every- single- thing else, like the

Scantron tests is beyond embarrassing. It is like… we cannot do anything for ourselves, or so you all make it appear. Yet, I just have to sit not chit-chatting anything here falling apart, just like the chalk in my special teachers' hands.

'What is the use!' Sure- I write the notes, that look as if the teacher is trying to go for world domination. It could be in Spanish; I would not notice any difference. This is not learning. This is abominable!

Yes, it is bad, it is kind of like this pungent musty, dusty, moldy odor smell that is in this room right now, its

sorts’ of leaves a bad taste in your mouth doesn’t it.

Oh, a bit like those poor dead cats in the bio-room in their boxes with their embalming fluid- yuck! Anyways I have most likely have done this before in this class too, just like all the same lessons I have completed repeatedly of my years in school. This is so beneath me, knowing that I have seen the same thing for years now, along with the same rejects' faces, and the thoughtless actions they do.

Like them running around the room and yelling, breaking the

teachers’ chairs from whirling around the floor, slamming books on the ground, grinding and snapping pencils, banging the erasers together to make a dust cloud, making farting noises from both ends, some guys making sounds like the girl makes when she is getting it on… like- owe yeah.

One can even rap, jumping over, or sitting on the stable desks that tip over. Broken calculators, whiteout splashing, ink dipping, paperclips bending or linking, Paper cutting with kiddy scissors, and staples through the finger or ear.

They will try anything to piss the teacher off in any way possible- you know, that kind of stuff is just my existence. Wow- how do you like that for run-on sentences!

‘See, see… I- is smart he- he!’

Like the others, they get the proficiency, and all I got was my brilliance of what I know completely sucked out of me. It is as if it was beaten, hit, and bitch-slapped all of it out of me.

Now I have left with nonentity; nil- not a thing, but their substituted ways for me that are recurrences day in

and day out. That goes for everything, it goes for my sense of mind, how I talk- if I can, think- if I can, and act- if I can. They make me have the ‘I can’t attitude.’

All the same, just like I look and try to speak on the walls of the spun networking webs, on these computers that they have in the labs when I have spare time.

Only for me to think that on my walls there is nothing but cobwebs to an empty, block wall of gray and that blue ‘F’ for the failure of sucking at life.

Since there is no one on my profiles they have unknown and unfilled spaces.

How do you add, what does not want you, and blocks you out? For the reason that I am a reject… it is just like the spiders that crawl up these walls here in this little room at the hellhole next to me- that is what I am placed as just like that spine-chilling and gross insect of a bug that needs to be exterminated before it creeps away on you.

No, UN-ah- I do not like spiders. They make me squeal in class when they crawl up my inner upper

legs. I believe that this place needs to be condemned. It is just that bad. I can scream at the wall, with no one to view it, or hear what they have to say?

Either way to me, listening back for their reply on the walls and what they say just leads to more cracks in me, and in my foundation, that I call life existence. While some rambling and incoherencies make no sense, yet it is liked. However, the scripts that have meaning behind them do not realize when they're read… if spoken at all. I just do not get it!

Like- Sam did this, and Sam did that, Sam posting haphazard photos, No- I do not care if you have Sam in your skirt right now, He- he! Wow- I need to get out more! I have confidence in saying we as a society hold the torch; we need to make the right decisions so that we do not end up being the fuel that is burning. Society is not allowed to think for themselves, because the towers that rain their fire hoses of destruction make sure that they abolished all wisdom in someone like me.

We have become fools who reject the walls, wearing a cap with

bells and tagging judgments just so that others can hear our crying out for attention.

‘We have become its jester.’

We have grown into hermits to the screen's lights, we are seeking the answers alone in the dark. Even so, the soft light is no comfortable, why? Because it needs to come from the sun and its hope, and we must learn to shine in the absence of the light of the lit walls of cyberspace, to become lovers to one another, and the world.

That is what I think is right. What do you think? Just like that one

card I have the hanged man- Do not become hung by anyone or anything.

As you know I have tried that and it did not work, yet I got a second chance at life, also with a strange ability to see things differently, which is out of this world. It is funny how that night I thought it was all over, we are up to the night of my attempted suicide.

Well, you will see what I mean shortly.

Yes, after my first year and Lily were gone, everything and anything, which happened to me… I did not want

to live anymore. Yet, I feel that I was born again if you understand what I mean. You know if I thought that it all was hard on me then… I sure did not foresee what was coming up.

So anyways I feel that you do need to cram your eyes with wonder, however, make sure what is being seen is moral. I feel that it is more eccentric to dream about reality than being part of an irresponsible fantasy. Just like you will never know who is at the other end of a workstation! From listening, comes wisdom, from speaking comes repentance and ignorance.

That is what I have learned.

Back at the hellhole for the second year on one of the days that run together, I am sitting in Mr. Kingsburgh’s English class; he suffers from Parkinson's disease, his voice trembles. His body rocks side to side, he takes his sickness out on all the students referring to them as idiots.

Saying things like ‘How did your children get up here, in this high school? You cannot read, you cannot spell, and you guys cannot do anything. Why do you all not just drop out, and go to hell? So that I do not have to look at

your ugly ass adolescent faces anymore!’

Yes, Mr. Kingsburgh is such a positive role model in all our lives.

While Mr. Kingsburgh is stuttering and spitting all over everyone, I look around the class, Jackson Alfaro is making that annoying clicking sound with his pen. I see a vacant desk where Ava Amsel is supposed to be, she cut class to be with the higher authority in the janitor’s closet. Jack Baez is our class feminist; his hobbies include performing in the band with the color guard twirling silks

and rifles. In addition to David Dawalinsky’s having his hand between Liz Remaro's knees, her sighing breaths are propelling on my nick, or so it seems.

The Keyboard avatars or that is what I call them. Anyways the hellhole society refers to Jack as a faggot or quire on the walls, those names have replaced his true identity, yet his gender selection is known. Yet he just seems to be that way. However, it has become known as what is implied, I ask: even if so, who are they to make such judgments? Yet some people can touch and feel, and nothing is said

about it, and others like me, feel like we are constantly looking into the glass of reflected rulings by the others that only see what they want to see. Brandy Pacheco is composing love notes to Lenny Sanchez and passing them around the room, while the paper airplanes fly around the chamber. Andy Galvez is staring a hole through me, with his I wonder what is under the clothes' eyes.

'All girls know that look.'

Jenna Ordonez is picking her wedgie, she thinks that no one is looking at her, or she just does not care

about modesty… geez- either way I am stuck… looking at what she is doing, because she sits directly in front of me. A bunch of thoughts is running through my head like, why is it that there is never a clock in any of these boring classes? Why is it that the rooms are always dimly lit? Why is it there being always blinds covering the windows, with no natural light? Why can we not lookout, and see nature?

Why must all these walls be made of cinder block, why is this I ask? It seems like the classes are never going to end, until you are ripped out of your daydream, by the eerie sounds of

the end of class bells once more. Just to have to go to another one, and then have to sit through its torture.

‘I have become comfortably numb.’ and I do not feel anymore. My dreams feel like real reality, and day-to-day life feels like I am not even there. My body is just like an empty shale that I am stuck in now, that seems to be cracking.

My mind is still sprinting around the room. What to say, what not to say, what to do, what not to do. Do I look okay, does this uniform look good today, my hair looks like crap? AHH! Is

it time to go home yet! My internal voice does not shut up; it runs fragmented thoughts constantly.

Yet my exterior voice does not stand up for me, yet all those words have to make sense. So why say anything at all. Sometimes I jump five feet in the air when the voices come over the intercoms, and it screeches in my ears like Miss. Manco’s nails on the blackboard. The message sounds like it has no rhythm or conclusion.

Just more shit my brain has to process.

Who did this, and who did that, I do not care to hear about it? It is always the same names over and over anyways. I do not know how to show love and passion, but I want to learn. But- up until now I do not have any teachers that care.

My mind is itchy with curiosity, yet I have no way to scratch that itch.

‘Most just stick it in your face, and make you smell what they presume is wrong.’

The so-called higher authority they are just as guilty, if not more than the youth for being despicable. I

wonder if I should just give up on him too like he has given up on me!

The hellhole is just like jail; the walls hold you in and compress your thoughts. At first, you hate everyone, and everyone hates you.

Time goes by and you get used to it. Why? Because you have no choice… then you start to look to them for guidance, you listen to what they have to say and you believe what they are saying.

Without a freewheeled thought to do whatever is right for you.

Now that is what institutionalizing is all about.

Do not let someone tell you who you need to be, you have to be your person. If someone's critiquing-analysis about you does not meet their so-called standards then that is their problem. That is just how I feel about it anymore.

If you do not like the way, I look for example my hair, clothing, and aesthetics of style… then do not look. I do not have the time to satisfy you. You are all alike! All of you that cannot

think for yourselves and text sixty lies per minute.

Your chatter is all just ill-advised opinionated views of judgment, from society, which all traces back to the tower's- the grandmother's words of slander. I just ignore them and keep being who I want to be, not what they think I should become. I think this because you can never, please an ever-changing society’s opinions; it is not worth the time or thought of mind.

‘Shut up and mind your own business!’

The English teacher Miss. Bradbury, she is so mouthwateringly evil. Anyways she is the same one that I will have all my years here, makes us feel as if we are mentally incapable of comprehension. Her process of teaching is for us all to clap along with every syllable to every word.

‘This woman is just aching to get me into trouble or write me up for some ridiculous reason.’

Yes, she will even give us detention for not participating in her degrading rituals. All the workbooks that are used for the class are beneath

our standards of acknowledgment and ethics.

However, she is demonstrating all the alphabetical sounds and vowel shouting at the top of her power of speech- flapping around the room like a chicken, making the floor shake from her big chubby plump ass, which jiggles side to side. While she is tripping over are five or so desks, which are crammed in this tight room. Do not rub that thing all up in my face once more; I know there is not that much room in here- but please. Ewe- it is butt sweat!

Yet, in a way, she roars at us like a grizzly bear, with her snarling teeth. There is snot dripping from her nose. She is eyeing us, little children, with terrific intent.

There is always some kind of stain that looks like tea on her shabby flapper out of style dresses, yet who can get past the face that seems to be drummed up from the depths of despair of the underworld. Why does she do this? So that the entire hell hole establishment acknowledges her vocal performances,

‘What a bitch!’

We have to sit in this closet, with the door hanging open, and everyone viewing walking by or going down the corridors.

‘Ha! And I wonder why I cannot get a date?’

They all are observing this despicable embarrassment of us having to follow the leader in what is called the sophomore year of high school. It is like having white fangs that annihilate your willpower every day when you walk into that classroom.

She likes to narrate and spit and sway while reading books like

‘White Fang’, ‘Frankenstein’, ‘The Giver’, ‘Fahrenheit 451’, she is spitting out the words as if we do not understand the storylines, every Wednesday. Yet for me to read something for myself that is wrong.

Just like- ‘A Tale of Two Cities.

‘It was the best of times it was the worst of times.’ ‘This is not an age of wisdom for me. It was only the age of foolishness, as I perceive her tongue wording.’ Every other day it is back to the baby books and workbooks, other than on Fridays, oh just wait until I tell you about that.

So, just like ‘The Giver’ is only transmitting pain; the receiver has no pleasures allowed within this controlled civilization of education. We are just like ‘Frankenstein's monster’ people are never going to accept us into their society.

Why, because of what ‘The Giver’ our instructor takes away from us with their segregation. Yet, ‘The Givers’ feel like superior teachers.

How do you like that for comprehension!

You know I think that some people have the objective to just get at

you; I seem to bust my ass to become someone in this society. Yet the higher authority does not want me to succeed, they want to see me, founder, in the bombardment of flames, like kerosene on a book's pages, until I disintegrate and crumble to nothing but black soot on the floor at their feet.

I suppose that it does not matter because; the country is going to blow itself up long before I have to struggle to find a job. Yes, a job that only pays two dollars an hour, all I have to say is save your money now… because you can kiss your retirement goodbye. We all are going to work to

the day we die. That is if they do not find a way to kill us first… like with boredom or mortification in what they do here in this room!

I think that history repeats itself; a revolution is on its way. Are you going to be ready or is your head going to be buried? Then again, do we have a choice in the matter? I say that to my teacher, and he looks at me as if I am on something.

Okay- see for yourself someday. Just like I do the work, I put in the time, and I like to be challenged. I do not do the homework anymore, for

the reason that if I would… I would get the same grade as if I did it or not. Still, there is a limit to the point that I just do not care anymore.

Why?

Because- what is the use of caring if I am not going to be anything in their eyes or appreciated. But then again if I am forced into something, I guess I would have to go through with it though? On the other hand, when someone says that I cannot do something that is when I have a new fire under my ass; to show him or her just how wrong they are in their

judgments. It seems like everyone is trying to piss me off. Me, unlike the Amsel sisters that show, and use everything they have just to get extra credit, I would never put out just for higher grades in any classes.

In a way, it kind of turns my stomach to even think about what they do.

What goes on behind some closed classroom doors- will never be known…!

So-o!

(Saying groaning!)

Do you remember your fifth-grade classes?

The only thing that I recall is my teachers saying one word over and over again. The hair, the face, and the fiery eyes, it still creeps in my mind. This person makes my skin crawl. Let’s go way on back then…

Welcome to classroom 202 that I called ‘The Mind Warp.’ Miss. Caballero's teaching style was to hand me a worksheet that I did not know how to do, at the time. Then scream at me saying quote- ‘fix, fix, and fix.’

‘How do I fix something that I never learned how to do?’

How about instead of playing Solitaire on your computer, why don’t you do your task, to motivate and educate. This is your obligation and occupation to do so! So, damn-it just do it already, and stop wasting my time, because, in all honesty, I don’t give a shit…!

Fix- it is just a dick- faced word! A word for those that do not want to explain and clarify, a word that teachers use to make us kids feel as if we are the problem.

So, that they can have a high paying job and have their authority and power over the meek like me.

What do they want from us? If we try… what do, they want us to know- obviously nothing? You know there is not a day that goes by that I do not have shame… not for the reason that I am here.

No- it is more because they thought I should be. Anyways just, stamp me as the failure, besides stop assassinating with your words, which echoed around that I suck at life, and I

do not want to learn! Just stop it! It is not me that needs fixing!

In addition to that, what is so intriguing about this is most of the time I had the work correct. She just wanted to SCREW with my head. Yes, she did a damn good job, in making me- numb to life, and my surroundings, all the way-back then! Yes, if I was not isolated up to this point in my life, I sure was after this black hole that pulled me away from all interactions. I did not think straight for several years after her brainwashing… if I could think at all.

‘I forgot everything… yet remembered it all.’

I can still see the red pen that made all the slashes on my documents as if it has been written into my mind.

The stories of the past will never go away, and the new ones cannot be written the way I would like them to be, do you see what I am saying?

Looking around the room you would see the books that twist your brain into knots. In the far back of the room, you would see the Apple II series

computer with its awe-inspiring eight bytes of power.

In the middle of the room, you will see the blackboard that sucks all-common sense out of your mind, every time something is scribbled upon it. Along with the dumb names are reading groups had- like this one The Gun-Dumbs… yeah- I do not know what it means either.

You can see me chomping on a lemon Jolly Rancher candy as a reward for becoming lonely and loony. Until this very day when someone calls me Kid-o it makes me cringe! I remember

the teacher’s assistant Miss. Ramirez; she had to leave halfway through the year because she could not stand it any longer.

Oh, how I was screamed at, and unequivocally mentally battered from it. Most likely, it was a good thing she was there when she was or I would have lost it. Furthermore, to report it… the situation would not go anywhere, and she would lose her job in doing so, always silenced and hushed- up was the way it had to be!

Yes, seven hours in the mind warp every weekday, with the other

rejects is enough to drive anyone insane. I feel bad for all the kids that have to sit through this philosophy of being programmed to fail and being marked, as a waste to the society in future classes, just as I am. There is just no need for this sinful diminishment.

Kids are not stupid, if they see that you are being classed differently for some reason, then the interaction is not going to happen. This is despicable to even think that the higher authority marks this as developmental issues, what a joke!

I remember the day I wrote this- Sharpened pencils in a cup, all the days I wanted to give up, will I ever get caught up, and all the wrongdoings that have been erased or covered up. Oh, yes just slap a gold star in the middle of my forehead.

Brainwash me, until I start thinking that I need to stand in the corner and suck my thumb. You would like that, wouldn't you? ha, ha, ha, I find myself laughing myself silly- then crying!

Chapter: 11

The Ways of Life

(Present time)

Social Studies now there is a fun class, not! The teacher is named Mr. Trudeau he still is rocking the long hair and the 1970’s look.

He sits behind his desk and the computer screen lights up his face; because the room’s lights are always off. He does not say more than two words to the class.

He lets the movies and the projectors do the teaching for him.

It is hard to have an attention span in this class.

‘Does this guy not give a shit about us and the upcoming generations?’ What is his malfunction?

No one in the class is caring about the movie, most are texting and talking loudly to one another, looking around the room you will see the class clown Aaron Montez answering every question that is asked to him with ‘That is what she said.’

Judd Espinoza is rambling on about drinking two six-packs last night

and making out with Selena Enriquez who is only in the seventh grade.

‘That is a sick dude!’

Selena's hobbies include horseback riding, mudding, and lying down on her backside riding him, yet she is a wonderful girl to know, or so people say. Then there is me taking it all in, and I am wondering how much more of this I can take. Mr. Trudeau is too engrossed in observing whatever is on his monitor to look up yet we all can guess what is on the screen.

Yet, that is amusing to me because the teachers are too focused

on meeting state standards, ‘You can kiss the arts goodbye.’ So, they cram too much information through our eyes and ears at once, and we absorb nothing. All this shit on these multiple-choice questionnaires adds up to be nothing, but an ambitious failure.

To me, a worksheet is nothing compared to having educators communicating on a high level to the class, with all the students that learn differently. Sorry to say handing us a worksheet is not going to teach us anything but frustration and saying the word fix is not the way to teach. Plus- having segregation provisions that

some have to do against their well is just going to put everyone farther behind. This annoyance should not even exist in my opinion.

When you finally get out of your cell long enough to take a class with other individuals, the rejects still get segregated. One of the higher authorities calls out your name in front of everyone, and they make you feel like you are, so special… like that, you cannot even walk down the flipping hall by yourself. Just so that you can enter back into the closet once more to do the work that should be completed with the others in your class.

At that point, there is nothing you can do, because all eyes are on you, and you cannot refuse or they will put a big fat red failure on your paper.

The hell hole society does not let you forget about it either.

‘They like to take a big wet juicy bite out of your ass.’

Yes, just to remind us of our existence every day, especially if you are in the rejected category. Oh, the higher authority wants to make everyone think that we are unable to interact freely. But then again how can we when we are only around the others

for two out of seven hours out of the day.

You learn what you want to learn, and if you do not pick up on it at the time, you will at the right time for you.

I do not know what I am looking for anymore. Everyone and everything look the same to me, I do not look at someone from the outside, because that is so deceiving. The beauty is only skin deep, I can see through you. I have a good idea of what you are all about.

I know if you are going to be for me or against me at first glance. I can read you just like an open book.

I know that all book covers are misleading. It is a must to read between the lines of the individual characters, and that is when it is acknowledged with me what to think.

I can figure out what anyone’s interpretations are, and if I want to be a part of their story or not. Just because one is well cultured, and observes the world that is before them does not make them strange.

Each one of us has our unique way of expression- like me.

Besides, sometimes, an expression can conflict, yet not meaning to; just move on, do not fear rejection.

‘Do not let the fear of the black ink spilling all over your drawing stop you from creating a masterpiece.’

The laughter is seen in my conscience, yet it plays out silently in my mind. My entire secret admirer base is left to admire, they have to close the door from the heart, and they are shut down if they desire, Because of

the control of the tower, she holds the master keys. The tower and her clans can turn their backs at any time or face me, yet, there are cowards and fearless at the same time.

They cannot look at me because they know that I know what they have done to me over the years, and also her, and the others in my group. All I can say is turn your back no one wants to see your face anyways.

You have nothing, nothing at all, yet I cannot stop you from turning on me! All that you care about is making up lies; to try to heal your

abandonment that was in your troubled past. You are a miserable excuse for a human bean, so pathetic you have to feel wanted no matter the impossibility and your lust for acceptance.

So, I ask: How does it feel to be breaking and crumbling down to nothing in society- or are you? What you have done to me is nothing compared to what you have to undertake, before your existence concludes. This will affect you considerably more than it ever has me.

I always try to find the good within anybody or anyone including my

expectations. I am not going to stress over trying to make myself appear to be something I am not. So… what I am saying here is just be you, plus that is more interesting to anyone than putting on a bunch of fake lines that mean nothing to them.

Oh, I can feel you calling out for me, but yet you have no voice as of now. Only with the time that can change, what is branded will truly be known as false, so that we are redefined you and me, and we can establish this just by are phrases that yell loud and proud.

We are stronger than ever by the powerful voices of harmony, which brings us together. This is only a melody that we can make together that is us being united with one another. If you stick up for the underprivileged, you can kiss your life goodbye.

Here in ‘The Land of Many Steeples’… Some of their dates and their mates, some just have them handed to them. While some have powerful parents that do the dirty work for them, a prime example would be the Amsel sisters. This is life give or take!

What I want seems to not mean a thing to anyone but myself, and even so, I am still forbidden unlike everyone else that has their moments in the golden hayfields. Their bodies ride against the breezes just like the windmills that are in the hazed background of the rolling hills.

Oh- yes, they can have their many escapes from ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ They can express their deepest desires of expression to their significant others. But not me… I have been forbidden to, I thought it would have gotten better with time, however, the words that are expressed go down

the line to the next set, and it proceeds down to the next generation, and so on. It is hard to lie in the fields of gold when there have been so many false stories that have been told. As for me, - I keep steaming down the same old path, seeing but never being stopped to take on any passengers that I desire or that desire me. My moments walking along with hayfields of gold remain as withered memories that sting because they do not exist, all I have is the colorless snapshots in my internal vision of what I think it should be like. However, I know I have admirers, and

their lips are stitched shut, yes always forbidden to speak out.

Then again someday soon you and I will walk upon the fields of gold together, and we will be united when we become a couple.

Can you see the waves of barley?

Can you see it as it moves and whispers peacefully?

Can you see us together hand in hand?

Can you see as my hair falls upon the ground?

Can we stay for a while with one another as we are holding-?

Close to what is in the silhouette?

Can these all be shining memories they will last forever?

Can the sun rays join us while we are upon the blanket of gold? Will you ask me to go there? Is this something that you would like to share? If you only make the dare…!

Oh- how about fair…! Back to reality, I have learned that some people think they're so much more superior in

their overall existence. ‘Will I have a reality check for you?’

You are not as good as the gum on the bottom of my shoes. If you do not want me all the time then you do not need to want me at all. Do not be my friend in secret, to have me gain trust in you just to have me lose all faith in you forever. When you turn your back for someone else you think is more superior, just remember; I do not forget, and it is hard to forgive, especially if I have not done anything to be sorry for, yet you act as if I should. Even until now, I still have to pay the price to the tower and the clans.

‘I was in the path of the blizzard, who knew that it would last this long. Is it bad luck, or a hex, maybe it is a curse?’

Mother’s Day- and Father’s Day, and most holidays are a depressing joke to me because I do not want anything to do with my mom, and as far as I know, she is out in some big city driving all the men crazy in more ways than one. My dad is most likely a skeleton by now, and his headstone is all I have now that repeats to me of what a family must be.

Halloween, you cannot give out candy anymore for safety reasons, carving pumpkins, and dressing up like a slut is just not my thing. Who needs Halloween? I have enough witches, and devils pounding down my door and infiltrating my domain, in the true day to day reality, plus the tower and clan make sure that no one is knocking on my door.

You just got to love Valentine's Day; it is summed up to me as a national single awareness day. The last time I had a valentine was when I was in the second grade, and I still have it on my nightstand… him.

Yes, I am a train wreck and I know it… I wish that people would stop breaking my heart. I guess I do not need anyone to eat lots of chocolate! Just like Easter comes and goes, with its depressing consumption of chocolate once again.

Is it wrong to get the pleasure out of biting the ears off a chocolate rabbit? I do not know… nonetheless, it makes me feel better. Yapper, chocolate makes any girl feel better!

On the 4th of July other people's fireworks go boom and bang and have been popped, but not mine…

but I could care less. What good are fireworks if you cannot observe them with someone that truly cares about you or you care for them?

Thanksgiving what do I have to be thankful for? Let’s see the only thing that comes to mind is… me being around so that people can torment me.

It is not like we can sit down at the table and have a conversation anyways. The food is slammed down and it is always cold and tastes many days old, with the only words whispered being ‘Pass the gravy.’

It is just she, and I at the head ends of the ancient wood table, which wobbles, there is a matchbook under one leg. Of course, our chair's creek, and slightly fall apart as we sit down in them; we do not eat until 9:00 pm.

Why?

I do not know… maybe that is why we are so cranky; we just feel ravenous.

How could I forget this… now there is my birthday? June 19 is not much of a holiday but it might as well be for me, it goes by just like any other day. There was only one girl on the web

of friendship, that said- ‘Have a good one.’ yet she is gone… not going to have any this year! Yet anyways friendship should go beyond getting a birthday wish on your wall. No- I have not unwrapped a birthday gift in years, if ever.

Christmas comes and goes as if it never happened. The white lights strangle the tree half on and half off, just like the new lace thong string panties that I got myself for Gym class days it was a gift to me from me. I had them on today… yet they were uncomfortable there. I do not want to stain them, so I took them off myself-

this time, so I set them beside me on the floor. My old ones have been torn and they were washed far too many times.

I am sitting just like the lonely tree in the living room, in the bay window nook, I am hugging my teddy bear, yet for me- this is what happens every day; even when it is not Christmas. However, as of now looking over this room, the tree is dying and the mantle of the fireplace is completely naked too. Why has the mantle remained untouched?

When I masturbate with one finger slowing going inside and out of me, until I come all over the window bench, looking downwards at myself well arching forward, breathing heavy, to the last finger push inwards, pulling the one middle on out seeing it all bubbling out down my vagina, see running down my in between my cheeks in past the butt opening, I am cover in the creamy whiteness that I do so well, myself, not sure if that is right yet feels so good, yet dirty all at the same time I may just do this more.

I did think I was able to do this like that, for me without feeling this

way, I always have someone there looking so look at me from the window it’s okay… if she walks into well so what, I have to girl-cum as I heard the girls say at school, I want it too, like they do more than I, ever thought possible in one sitting, lying back feeling sliding in and out! Pinkie, ring finger out and like the index, and the nasty long-on in the come here yet upside-down finger movement slipping inside and me pushing down doing the reverse to bring it back out over and over fast and fast until it guesses out of me, and get this it feels good, so why is it so wrong, in the past to me?

Make sure to trim and file your fingernails beforehand to stop any little accidents. Once I am all ready and set up and, in the mood, all naked, like- I am when I come home and have the nightie off that hangs from me and get annoying, it’s time to start fingering myself, and see what happens, I have done this since I was nine, yet felt like something bad would happen like I would push that little pink button in I would die, I surprise myself by want to touching my boobs, more now than ever like a boy was in my dreams.

Or even her, I seem to be liking her more and more, for she makes me

feel good about what I do. I knew she was looking at me, so why do, I feel that it was all so wrong to do; if she would have said stop yet she said she did this two when she was alive, I have seen her do it, way more than I in her room with me to show me what to do, saying why not. That on the finger is now sliding down my chest over to stomach until you can feel my button (clitoris) which is just a little outside my black porthole (vagina) and I can see is all now, the hairy is there, yet trimmed up at this point, I feel there right I have to grow up, and not hear my caretakers' old ways of thinking, no

longer will I just shave up to the knees, I will do it all.

(She’s - her doing it.)

~*~

(Flashback- Lily flourishing)

I said, what do I do here? I asked Lily the award little nasty question as she was looking at me standing there with face up close looking at it was snickering cutely. Besides she did it for me, saying here, this what you do in the font, and then she said I don’t mind bending it over and will get that too.

Pre-trim your pubic hair, she said, here let me have these so you don’t hurt yourself! God- girl you are clueless about life! I- am? Razors are not fun, so I’ll do that too. (See it happening) umm- she swilled out eyes closed tightly, she was tripping, it all good it’s the early 2000’s now shaves this shit fairly short hair, I don’t want to clog dull thing up with your gross long hair, so just look at me doing this so I don’t have too again. Trim it UP- GOD, gently pull the hair out and cut it away, and we'll move on here.

Cutaway from the body Nevaeh God Freaking shit, you’re seriously not

that dumb, and then cut it back with smaller sharp scissors, do you even have clippers? If at all possible, find some Jezz-us, some equipment here please with safety guards to the dumb girl doesn’t have to go to the ER, shaving her lips off. Okay just get that raiser you do your legs with it is old but it will do the job, stretch your skin tight. If it's loose, you'll end up cutting yourself. Got yah that's why I did want to do this…!

Razors… they can only do their job well on nearly flat surfaces… awe. Or new dumb-ass, I get you one from my home. With your free hand, stretch

your skin tight and hold it firmly, see, how easy this is to do, go do I have to do it all! Make it easy on yourself, she starts below her bellybutton saying you know what comes after this…? I think so…? (Cute and award fooling around girlfriends) pulling the skin just above your foamed-up hairline upwards. Where you go from there is up to you.

Chop it all off? ALL!!! She spoke. Hello, see this here; look it's going to be like that now! It feels nicer! Here if you want just to do- this with the line. And the girl may stop picking on you in Gym class. God, I have to do the butt hole too, like- do I get paid for

this shit, Nevaeh? Oh, just kiss me and get it over! Your ass, or your lips? My lips, okay I will… (She kisses the one that she wanted to kiss the most and that was them down there.)

Nevaeh, I did mind it was nice to have someone that wanted to do that to me like a boy was… so yeah, I will go with it is all the same if she is wanting me, and I want her too, even if that is weird for me to say. So, I did what I felt was right in the heat of the moment, like she did. Just kiss it off I said, 'Oh shut up you know you want it like this.'

'Okay I do, then do it all.'

Lily- Baby powders this little thing down, it absorbs into the pubic area, which can reduce irritation and bumpiness, and with the thing I am sure that is going to happen. ‘WHAT! She said.’ However, some care must be taken not to get any of this powder onto the very sensitive areas of the vagina. ‘Nice!’ Just dance- now for that- looks good too!

You’re such a weirdo! Lily’s methods showing herself to her: Below your clit that is this thing here, using just one finger, you will be able to feel fleshy folds of skin on either side of your vagina. These are your labia. To

be right about this all you need to see it, and if I have to be like your girlfriend, lover or sister then okay, I will be your anything at this point for you to be with me the way I want you to be. And that just has sex with me. And the girl on girl you have to do it like this… or alone thinking about me. I think about you doing this all the time. I know creepy right, I said. 'No- it's kind of sweet' she looks at me with big eyes, turning her head.'

These are the outer folds on each side is called the labia majora which is much bigger, while the inner fold of the skin is called the labia

minora, and is much thinner and ‘lose yours not so much, you’re a virgin.’ And you’re not, will not to a boy yet… have I lost it, to you if you say yes? ‘That’s on you, and I’ll go with it, (I am not gay you know) oh come on it just girlfriends playing and feeling.’ I have to break you open you know that it needs to be done away, like who were pads these days, just use there… Here is a box of them, when you feel that you need to, instead you have the choice to hide them so they don’t get tossed out. She twisted up her lips to her mouth and said:

‘Okie-do-kie…’

Begin by lightly trailing one finger over your outer lips here. (Labia) Most girls like me will find that as they run around the outside perimeters before going into the line, they naturally start to get wet, see this as she pulls her finger away, and it was sticking the goo-ie-ness. If they are already turned on, there is nonstop, just ask my panties and skirt this in school when I see you there inform me. I get so wet for you; this wetness will act as a lubricant on your finger and also see mine going in you so easy. Now you try, on me, and then one yourself, and I will see you do it, and

the other way around. I broke just some to get one in, I know that she wants to be with a boy someday, I did not want blood, just the band in-between was open for me. It will be- hanging there like mine, yet be daring like this bit here, in a snapped rubber band of skin at the top of the black hole as you call it, in a V-ship. I will rip it at the bottom so it stays there until someone rips this in or off, and that can be you or your boyfriend if you ever get one, and if not, I'll love yah. 'Where just to girls that know we can get a boy.'

(Read in a cute, yet very sensual way.)

As your finger gets covered in my inner body made lubricant, I start to slowly press the tip of it in and that rips, once in, I start going in and out of her vagina to check how it feels. And see if she is sighing the way I want her to, and she is.

We both did this- She pushed her finger in and out, it will get covered in more and more of this wetness and pre-cum, allowing you to easily slide your finger deeper and deeper in the cunny- whole. Slowly run the tip of your finger along the walls of your vagina paying attention to what feels most pleasurable. Feel it out and see if you

find the stop that makes you feel like you're going to gush it all out of you, stay with and do it until you do, it's not hard if you find it and are relaxed, it just like squirting!

If not right, find what is with you or her, by the way- she looks and moves for you. What you find most pleasurable will be different from each other is not all the same yet enjoy it anyways- right? So, focus on the movements that you find most satisfying, and don't worry too much about being right on or there the first time, get better and feel it out. As well as, it's okay to go as deep as possible, I

want to feel as if I am having sex, pushing down and in, that how it works, fingering yourself should be about getting as much pleasure as possible. On the other hand, if you have never fingered yourself before, then it's a good idea to experiment with how deep you like it, and that is what we both did to ourselves and each other at night.

Fingering Your G-Spot push your finger in and out or your vagina, I said to her, you'll notice that pressing up against certain parts of your vagina feels good, and has its feel that in-golf like somewhat rough, If you have slid

your hand down your stomach and then started to finger yourself, try curling your fingers backward as we did before, so that you are pressing against the upper wall of your pussy just like this, now I will pull out and you do it to me to see if you can find it, This is where your G-Spot is located, she said.

Yeppers- that's right! (I was one happy girl.) You'll know it when you press and rub it because it feels like the back of your palate in your mouth when you suck your fingers like I had you do for me too. Some even describe it as feeling like a wet raspberry. In other words, it feels soft

with tiny ridges. Try concentrating on the G-Spot for some intense orgasms.

Ah- the spot comes, there are many different G Spot massage techniques to use to make yourself squirt that I cover in the squirting article here.

Before continuing to the more advanced techniques, there are just two more quick, but important kneed-bits I need to cover with you. So, if you feel the need to pee every time you finger yourself and stimulate your G-Spot, it’s not pee…! Just let it gush out! don’t worry, it’s perfectly normal.

A great tip that will minimize this ‘needing to pee’ feeling is peeing right before you masturbate. Simple :) Now that we’ve covered the ABCs of girly-ness down there, here are four keys on fingering methods, which you can use to make yourself cum and have a lot of fun.

The pressure Pressing technique works mainly well if you find it tough to have spot sprays. The tricky part of this many girls like you face is that they just can’t put enough pressure on Spot to have its build-up, during fingering themselves. The fix is easy… you just need to squeeze your

tight down on yourself down the and spot contort from the other side, or like this see this moving in and out as it dips in and out of there.

So just finger your spot as you normally would, and then place your other hand at the lowest part of your stomach thrusting upward to your ceiling it may seem firm, yet it’s not, just above your bone where the hair was, then softly push down, on your finger or toy, if you get one like this, so that you can feel your spot protruding more than normal, just doing this… You’ll notice that this makes it easier to provide yourself with more spot

stimulation than normal, do you have a hair-brush?

Mid-fingering from behind, we can do this too, it’s fun and not hard to do together or apart, I said to her. Another way to finger yourself is from behind, like this. Put your hand down your lower back, over your anus, and then into your vagina. Once you enter, you’re the lips and are in start rocking like this, if you curl your finger backward you can do that too, this time you will be stimulating the opposite side of your vajayjay to your spot, and you gush like before, it may be more for you will find out- won’t we.

Dual hands, one over top the others, fingers in-between fingers' this last fingering technique is the best if you are someone who normally struggles to reach orgasm when masturbating, like here, the use of both hands. Or just to have one that is hard and sprays all over you and your bed.

I do this for clitoral stimulation, for the most part. Fingering, after all, should be enjoyable, not shameful as you think, everyone is made differently… You-no!

(Looking at the lady-lips, and the hips, and the hooded-ness-)

To look at you and me and you'll see that…

I have this…

You have that it is right- okay don't say it not.

So, have fun and enjoy your orgasms girl, you see that I do.

With me or thinking about me or even a boy, like it's not wrong to do that!

Fantasize about a boy even if you are not in love with him, it helps. If you enjoyed my tips on this article but want a true sex master-or the class, then you may be interested in watching

this blow job tutorial video where you'll learn my most powerful techniques & tips for giving your man incredible oral sex.

Enjoy!

~*~

(Me on the same bench doing conclusion or her existence-)

This room is always bare just like me; the falling needles are littering the hard-wood floors, just like the teardrops and blood that is falling from my blue eyes, and my upper inner legs. They spatter to the ground, just like the

tree’s red satin balls that drop from the branches that are older than me.

A small red orbit is just the same as my- a hollow cavity and the red colors remind me of the stands that on my skirts, all the threads are snagged from being rubbed raw until my interior trimmings explode onto the floor like this broken ball.

Outside the green garland on the front porch is mismatched and it hangs insecurely, and just like me the icicle lights are hustled by the sisters as they walk by my home, and they jerk on my white braided strings so harshly

till they snap and the plug is pulled out completely, left to be tattered.

On the Holladay nights, I generally look openly and naturally lying out on the window bench, sometimes I will draw a heart on the frosted windowpane while feeling the icy cold air blowing up and down the entire length of my nude body- why not.

This jogs my memory like how my fingers touching my body gives me chills to the point of having Goosebumps stippling my skin all over, yet having the fantasy of us in my mind is what warms me. It is the twelve days

of relapse and unfulfilled wishes it is just like every other time in this part of the month… the time I am most- needy.

Yet again, what I want cannot fit under the tree. The carols make me sad and annoyed; I just want the New Year to start and have the same- New Year's resolutions as always. Then there is New Year's… I never gotten that kiss either, it is all about making stupid promises that you know that you are not going to keep, and old people drinking themselves drunk, till they cannot even see straight.

Then there are vacations. It is just like the red death… to me. Because the only trip I take is to the bathroom, where every girl knows that you have to stab, poke, and prod yourself repeatedly, while you cry because you ruined your cutest pair. I have learned the lesson on my own too. The same can be said for every family voyage I have been a part of; it is always like Staind- Epiphany and moody.

Besides it makes me grow to the point of carling up into the fetal position, just like having a period cramp. ‘So, lay down, the threat is real, when everything in sight goes red

again.’ Then just like that, my restlessness can go away when the gravity falls like the rain, and the midnight sun begins to shine at day's end. I am finally at peace when the breeze blows twilight.

The stars shine the light upon a world of darkness when the smokiness in my mind clears. Just like always, I go to bed… in my pink room and I can breathe tranquility for a while, until the whimpering of the animals outside that are freezing in the negative cold- like me, for other days’ start to begin. Some nights I think the barn is warmer than the house.

Hay it can be worming… yes, I have slept in there on the nights that I was locked out- I do not mind, on the nights when ‘I give Hope so-called-horse shit!’ that what she calls it when she thinks I am in the wrong. ‘Some people have to play the field, yet I just play in them.’ Are you catching my drift, as to what I am saying? I have a railroad lantern in there, and a horse blanket, yet I do not have my teddy!

Sometimes, I do it just to getaway. Yeah, she will put me out for a stranger to stay over in the summer, as if she runs a bed and breakfast, it's just one way to get the money I guess

for us. Oh, I get my payback, I am not one for revenge… but I can resist sometimes, like this time, I waited until Hope was asleep in her chair, with her mouth hanging open sawing logs, and I just stick a wiener in there, you know a raw hotdog. I was thinking ha- ha- ha, see how you like that! Just like- the darkness is mysterious like me, and in that, darkness seeds constant spontaneous change and creation.

The ingenious creativity of thought of mind comes at your lowest darkest point of life. Just like I have the tower's densities of being struck by their lightning… that pulls on me

constantly into their constellations, yet that makes me reflect on the extraordinary level, or so I think. I always have to be one step ahead of them!

You never know where they are at… they could be in the barn for all I know! Up to this point, I have never had anyone tell me what he or she truly thinks about me that goes for appearance, personality, or anything. So, if I would have to describe myself this is what I would say. I would have to say that I find my eyes to be the most striking thing about myself, at least that's what she said- what she has told

me… the first time I met her. Oh- finely things were looking up for me when I met her.

She said that my light blue eyes tell the stories of my life. You can see the emotional- feelings when gazing into them, or at least that is what she made me believe. So, we got a new reject in class this week named Maiara, she is a transfer student; I liked her as soon as I saw her, she is wild, sweet, and outstandingly suggestive! She was what I was looking for and everything I needed. There was a glowing connection at first sight on both of our faces.

The look of shock and surprise from both of us at that moment was dreamlike! Our eyes were fixated on each other the first time in the tiny room, she was like a love dove that flapped her wings my way, I knew, at last, I had someone that would brighten my drab cell for me. She came in there with a breath of fresh air; she is the hope I needed. Maiara- Hi everyone…! The others groaned their welcomes in false enthusiasm, one even yawned loudly. So, who are you? She walked up to me and bent a little into me in front of my desk? Nevaeh! I am shrieking said with butterflies like jitters. Then

she touched my hair, and brushed my chin and lower lip with her soft fingertips!

Maiara- ‘Nevaeh! That’s a pretty name, for a very pretty girl!’

Nevaeh- ‘Awe- thank you- I said kindheartedly!’

Then the teacher said. ‘Okay? Please take a seat Maiara.’ She sat where Lily used to. Wow-what just happened there? I was thinking, feeling that all over in my thoughts and body like how it made me tremble… I had to let it soak in, the rest of the class, I felt wet with splendor. Just like the rain

was pouring outside, we could hear hammering the flat roof above like my heartbeat, and some of it was dripping from the ceiling on me.

Yet the same can be said for my thoughts. I felt like they were just dripping down, me also, like that light leak in the room, Dr-ip! Dr-ip! Dr-ip! I hope that does not stain or show on my skirt. I guess my books come in handy for something, covering me up until I dry. So, at lunch the same day she sat with me she said- Your eyes show your solitude. I understand that you feel by yourself in all that you do, you are looking for comfort from someone in

this cold cruel world, and there is no one there. Nevaeh- I was like-

‘Yes, Yes, Yes- you so got me!’

Maiara- I see in your eyes that you have been looking for someone to care for and listen to what you have to say. So, I am going to be your friend now and for as long as you need a knee in your life. You no longer have to feel like your life is so hopeless.

‘Wow really’- I said!

Maiara- Do not think that good friend is hard to find, you make it harder than you need to because you do not trust anyone. I know that you

are not terrified of meeting people, but you are a very shy and cautious person. ‘Just be who you are, and do not change a thing about yourself.’ you need exploration, because if they are right for you, then you cannot do anything wrong in their eyes. ‘What is right for me,’ I asked?

Maiara- Only you know that… sweetie, when the time comes. Though, stop having a barrier of being in your comfort zone. I do not care what others think about me, and neither should you. You feel like nothing's making sense, in your world that you live in. Stop

fretting and take the risk to make the change. ‘How and why,’ I asked?

Only you can make the change, only you can do this. ‘You have to rise above it.’ You will not understand what I mean now, but you will. You feel like you are facing this whole thing by yourself, with not anything but a false smile, and tears to show for it all. ‘I know,’ I cried.

Maiara- awe, do not cry- ‘Do not worry yourself all things are meant to be, and if not, it was not meant to be.’ Know it is not a waste of time to think about what has happened, or

what is going to happen. If you live your life with that attitude, you will never be disappointed in anything you set out to do. Besides, if you believe in yourself, you can do anything you set your mind out to do. ‘You think that about me?’ I asked Maiara- ‘I sure do-love… you will be okay!’

Nevaeh- as a result, I started hanging out with Maiara Chenoa, she is so expressive with style, because of her Native American Indian family’s history, that really fascinates me. She always has some kind of fashion accessories like feathers or beads in her coal-black shiny hair; it always

flows down on her uniform perfectly. It must be nice to be that confident and self-determined. Maiara told me that her last name Chenoa translated means dove; which I immediately thought was awesome. The first time I met her, she told me all about her family. This was interesting to me, mainly because I do not know much about my family's history.

All I know about my last name Natalie is that it is either French, English, or German.

Yet, some say I have a slight squeaky accent… I do not hear it… yet

some of them say that I do. My words are sometimes drawn-out. Hum- like me saying longer words… I guess. Yet she said that it was cute… my high-pitched voice leftover and the way I talk with my country Pennsylvanian accent.

I am so glad I have her now after everything I have gone through and still am… maybe I can tell her, what is going on with me in more detail? I do think she is trustworthy. Anyhow, her family immigrated to California around 1917.

She lived in one of those classy homes, which looked over the golden

gate; she said Pennsylvania was a wide-ranging culture shock. One instance like- when she has to drive twenty-five miles, over these back roads, just to get to the insufficient shopping mall in the city, she said the only thing she likes about being here is me, that is so-so sweet of her to say! It is funny how life-changing events come in your life at your lowest points.

Maiara Chenoa attempts to be creative like me; she is a strong-willed determined individual. Our personalities clicked the first time we spoke to one another.

Like- I said I know if you are for me or against me by the first conversation.

It was just something about her that I said yes, this is somebody that has some common sense. I can relate to her… she has a sense of yearning for beauty unlike most that attend at the hellhole. Plus, she did not live here all her life, so she doesn't know what they say about me. She is not indoctrinated, with their many fabrications of lies. Plus, she is classed like me, so it's all good! She has an acknowledged understanding of life from a different perspective like myself. This is how

friendship should be kindled, all conversations face-to-face without the interaction of the webbed walls.

Friendship is based on compatibility in real-life situations, not based off of the keyboard avatars beliefs, and not the foraged words of mouths that have ignorance. That is what we both think; maybe she had a life like me, which is why she came here, I do not know?

You have to follow your heart and not the power holders in ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ Refuse to follow the downward path of destruction. This is

what I like about Maiara, she is not afraid to be blunt, and tell you how it is… but beautifully. She has specific goals and standards in which she believes. She is constantly looking for new forms of originality. With the tendency to resist authority, the stubborn anarchy intrigues me.

Yes, I would rather have one good friend than a bunch of so-called acquaintances, which have no substance in my being.

Logically, I think I have a new girlfriend!

Chapter: 12

Why Do I Care, If They Are Careless?

I remember fighting off the sister's clan's time and time over. It was always like seven against me, just like Lily. They each got their ways on me, whatever they wanted to try they did. I would have to say that I put up a good fight most of the time, yet I am small and they over muscle me. This one time, I remember the vagina slapping Alissa so hard, to back off, she fell crying to the ground. They always started on me for no reason.

Yeah- I was sent to lockdown for that one, for a week.

Nevertheless, they got nothing every time, yet it was easy to time for me. Other rejects in my class say that a week in lockdown is comparable to a year of being isolated in ‘The Hole’ at a prison. The higher authority only saw what I did, and never what they did to me.

There were no reasons at all other than getting a piece of me and making fun of me. While the other two girls like Allison and Adriane tried to

hold me back from running away… and they did every time.

Sometimes, they used my belt to strangle me, and they would kiss me all over, and their lipstick would smear on my face and their tongs would be flicking and their lips pulling on; they loved to rub up on me. They would spray their perfume all over and in me. Along with putting their used Secret deodorant, stick in my mouth to shut me up, I could taste them, and I could feel them. I am still horror-stricken, petrified, and terrified of them. My words do not define how I feel!

Like, I could feel and sniffle, and whiff their aromas, along with their spearmint gum, red-hot pop rock candies, and their cheesy puff leftovers, along with whatever item else they would drill and practice on me. They even drew unique tattoos on me with their ink pins, which I had to wash off, because of what they depicted, and spoke. Yet you could see the red raised irritated markings on my skin! You can just see how they looked- can't you? Besides, where they all were? I think of how they even considered putting a pencil through my ear if I would not swallow and lick what she and her

sisters dripped into my mouth and rubbed on my lips.

I am a fighter though, just like this one other time, I punched Ava square in the face and I broke her two little perfect front teeth out. I guess I was the replacement girl after Lily was gone… because I knew, and, so did they.

Yet, Ava- and of them, all got me back… oh, did she get me back!

Yet, I recall that she had to drink her baby food in lunch for a month, because her mouth was all swelled up, and wired shut. The others

in the lunchroom knew what happened, however, it was not talked about.

Oh, the drawings on me- naturally, Ava even made one that looks like a butterfly using a very specific part of me, as the main body, as the focus. Payback for me slapping her sister there, and knocking her teeth out. Furthermore, things kept going like that, the paybacks just kept coming.

Yet, like- I can still feel all that.

Like, their long hair strands that would fall upon me as they brushed to and fro on my frail and fair

body. With their uncanny physiques, which would make my body answer back in jolts and jerks, involuntarily as resistance, and they would dig their fingernails into me, on my back and hips. I was clawed and bullied… to the extreme!

Furthermore, all that was left over from the beatings were in my sensitive places too, which made me sting and pain! So, similar to a pulsating ice cold, or a fiery hot sensation depending on the place. They were always so rough that I would start to bleed out. As you, all know! I remember that day was the first time

they took it further than ever before, with me… that was the night… I wanted to end it all!

Maybe I should have kept my big- little mouth shut!

Yes, they teased me… and pushed me around, yet they never did all that, or would they have anyway?

Ava has a thing for me. So, no matter where I go, I cannot say that I have warm and fuzzy feelings. You can stop following me everywhere I go. I know who you are; you have made it very clear, and obvious. I realize what you are trying to do.

‘All I have to say is you better watch yourself.’

All your tales are like blue streaks; the sound waves that are echoed from your stations resonate around the lands. They have been retold and spoken over and over, by your troops to become known and twisted. Just like you, the station's towers, are going to crumble, especially if my representatives and I have something to do with it.

So, let me not forget about the principle of the hellhole, and their staff of evil monkeys.

They are controlled like puppets; one person holds the strings while the rest of them do as they are told.

‘Oh, these are going to be more memories scratched into my brain.’ I just know it!

There is nothing like being pinned down and bent over backward, while having an evil monkey screaming in your face, bent over just the same as the sisters do, while they have all control over your mind-body, and soul… especially if you did nothing to cause

the ear-splitting conversations, except having much concern about everything.

Their defaulted word of advice is to ‘Just deal with it.’

Like- nothing is going down like there is not a bigger issue going on here then what meets the eye. So, let us just say that was the last time that I asked any of them for any advice, on what I should do about any situation. My response became almost robotic, and I would say quote- ‘Once I graduate… and get out of this hell hole, I will never set foot in this place again.’

‘They would say why don’t you just drop out now!’

Also, for the record, I would like to let it be known… telling fellow students to kill themselves, and dropout is not a very good way to motivate them for success.

Plus- having affairs and having your moments of public demonstrations of affection around the students is revolting. So, now you know why my shrinks’ pantie hose comes off, she is having an affair with the principal, yet all kinds of scandals with the higher

authority run rampant here in the hellhole.

All the evil monkeys, and the so-called higher authority with their fiery eyes, yes, all these eyes that are everywhere but where they need to be. They do not think that we pick up on what is going on.

Will- do I have news for you… we do! Plus- we all think you are a repulsive joke. Dammit, grow up, and be educators, and do your jobs.

‘I just thought you would like to know!’ Do you know what is an interesting fact?

Most of these so-called educators and staff are going to retire after my class graduates. Why mainly for one reason they are scared that somebody is going to report them for these offenses that happened in this establishment. You quitters stand up and face what you have done to all of us.

You should be ashamed of yourself. What we have learned we had to do on our own, no thanks to you. Some are going to shine, and some are left to burn out, either way, I hope that you think about what you have done. As well as that, you cannot sleep at night,

and it slowly drives you insane. Your secrets are no longer a secret, and your marking of rejection is going to stand no more, for the reason that you are going to fall, along with the tower who started this all. My day to shine is vastly approaching. I do hope so!

(Two weeks later)

Maiara gave me a homemade dream catcher as a gift on one of these days that go fast and slow at the same time. It was pink with white and gray feathers.

She said to put this in your room, and when the time comes… you

will know what to do, and that is all she said. I did not ask questions, nor did she go into great- detail.

I believe she reads my life like a deck of cards. Oh, she told me that my cups, to life, would overflow eventually. That there will be balances, I will have the world in my hands that there may be obstacles as of now in my surroundings, but that will soon change, it was hard not to believe her.

She is like my fortune-teller. Have I finally reached the next level of my existence; the floodgates are going to open it seems? The judgments will

be over, and I will sing in harmony with her. The journeys of the undertaking are going to begin on the extraordinary, with great expectations of life, and hope and the cycles are going to be completed at last.

Yes, it seems that ‘I am a traveler of both time and space.’ The stars are going to align once more. I will soar like an eagle over that time and space; so, I reach the highest destination of divine expression surely with her. When all hope is gone, you will realize that nothing was lost in that path of transition, with the will of fortune comes a new journey.

Once the arrow has landed on or upon it the discovery that is when I have my new direction to go. Looking back the only things that were lost were the defined destination that was my thought of mind- at that time, because of them and them only. With time eventually, all things cross the path that leads down the many roads to temptations. However, I believe- that I make the right choices, but the main question remains: what would you choose to do if you were me?

So, do you want to go the high road, the one that everybody else follows, that only leads you into a pit of

darkness and destruction? With its smooth shimmering roads that shine like a diamond, or will you be like me? I have selected to go on the journey of the rocky road, which leads to faith in the divine. I know that the sunlight of the master's star that has the hope within is all I need. The light may not always be the sunshine. It may just be that the stars that light up your darkness and will bring you to hope in times of need or despair, is someone that cares regardless… even if they are a girl just like you.

They are the star that twinkles for you, as you do for them. The stars

can be the guiding light that leads to the marvelous. That is if you choose to ignore the path that is well-traveled by others that pull you down with them, and away.

‘Sometimes you have to drop everything and run, to have something, and when you have something to run too. You want to hold on to her tightly, and never let her go.’

The stars, in the human form, are most likely the ones that were once strangers. The unfamiliar person can be the greatest meaning in your life, only if you can gain trust, which is how

companions of courtship are determined. These people radiate a warm soft caring, comforting glow that shines when you gaze upon them. This is when one knows how to feel and the rest is left to fate. That is when you will know that they are a true lifelong friend and companion. As well as if they are there for you at all times, no matter the situation, and its consequences.

Like- no words of the alleged tower or clans that fall upon you will stop them. They will not fade from your life, and their soft light will shine from day into night and will make you feel that everything's going right. There

may be temperance in which to follow at some point, but sometimes the only things to do are go if it… and it will all work out itself, over time as you radiant on together.

Sometimes making a risk is a good thing… it leads to more. Just like us being there for each other, blackness in our space is not so dark, when being with them, as a star that shines the passageway to security for one another. If we have to be a couple to be safe, then it is okay with me.

It is like we both can now go far in our time travel of the light-years

being together, ‘Meaning is a relationship is moving fast, whether they like it or not.’

Also, for the reasons that we both feel so comfortable, in each other’s hands and embrace. It works for her and me, what can I say. Furthermore, the others that are against us, they streak by like the meteor shower in the skies. Just like us in this black space that we are in, we walk past all of them as if they are the meteor that we have to dodge. In the hall hand and hand, we can protect one another from being hit from all flying debris and strikes.

Okay- that is a little far out there, but I think you get what I mean. I think my faith comes when I have a free mind, and I can be in the admired categories by the others. But- having an unconscious acceptance is one you will be accepted by all, and they will stay in their same thinking, and place along with you… that is if you choose to be a part of them, I made the choice to do what feels right, even if they think it is wrong.

Having a belief in nothing leads to nothing, having a belief in something leads to something. Having the pressures of the past existence

pressing you down will lead to nothing. This is the building blocks given to you, which can be whittled by you to carve into an extraordinary recovery of mastery. Even if it has to be like this. ‘I hear what you have got to say and it is-okay. Yes, I will go with you, we made us official for the second week together.’

Maiara- She said- ‘Deprived of pain, ache, and aching, there would be no sympathy, kindness, and understanding. In a way, we have to see the light by having to go through all this darkness. Now we can do so, as a twosome.’ So, I just told her too always.

‘Look after my heart– I have placed it in your caring small hands, and I will do the same for you! Don’t break it, because I will not be able to take it!’ she said- Same here.

It was a done deal, from that point onwards. Perfectly side by side looking inwards, yet silent with her glittery brown eyes open, and fixed upon mine, so ocean blue. While everybody else falls to nothing and resembles pebbles. It is like you are on the right pathways, the others may want to take you down, with their destruction to make you break down too little gravel… however; we try to

get around these individuals. These are the ones who have done her and me wrong. We will stand here solid like a rock!

At this instant is the perfect time for you to shine your beacon of hope to someone else, who is less fortunate than you are. That is only if you choose to speak out, and have voices of harmony, that unites you together. That is a very powerful tool in the prevention of lost lives, and the rebuilding of lives to come. At this very moment is the right time for you to do your part for someone. I wish I could have done more for Lily, but as of now,

I know I could not have, I have to stop blaming myself so much.

(Two days later at the hellhole)

Would you just look there; they are not sitting in their desks in class! Paul Navis and his girlfriend Hannah McGruben, they both cut class to go study anatomy together in the girls' locker room. I think I can hear their voices in the vent next to me in soft mumbles; I guess the school needs to invest in some textbooks so that the teenagers do not have to learn from life's goings-on. 'No one knows, and no one cares!'

I guess that public speaking class is no longer needed for them or anyone it seems. Brandy Pacheco is absent; Taylor Brown went to the nurse's office because of her stomach cramps, and Megan Davis spent the whole class period in the bathroom. Jonathan Eisezn, he is rambling on… he is trying to quote a passage from the book of Job, which is in a section of the Bible. It is what he has chosen to read in front of the class. Yet, the hellhole is trying to stop Jonathan from having his bible with him, they want us to only follow what they say- I guess. I ask- do they have the right to do that?

This school does not believe in what they preach to us in being a Catholic school, I do not get it. I guess they are trying to kick that habit too, just like the nuns that teach some of our boring and strict classes. I can still feel that roller smacking on my bitten fingernails, and backside until they both bled or were red, and I cried. Sister Maggie would scream- 'Nothing great is ever achieved without much enduring, there are consequences for your actions!'

What do you think of Nevaeh? Sister Maggie- Only the hands of God could help that child, and that may be

asking far too much. I have tried, yet with no improvement what-so-ever. Nevaeh-? What kind of a name is that? She has ‘Blasphemy!’ for a first name. Sown from the seeds of unmarried parents and abandoned, she is the afterbirth of the unholy, what more should you expect. That she would be backward in her ways also! I will have to pray… that she finds her way! Besides, she is making my hair gray!

(Nevaeh at home from, yet another school day.)

I sat in my room flexing my thoughts, in the fragile moonlight that

is outside my window with its eeriness. While trying everything to type something down, and then just like out of the midnight blueness of the night, this page just seemed to fly from my fingers on to the keys, and onto the paper in a eureka surprise, and I heard that bell ding for the first time without any mistakes at all. Joy, at last, bursting out with a burst of giggle laughter, I have done it! My first typed page!

This is the first page-

‘People are not what they say; people come and go every day. Some People have nothing good to say, some

people do not stay, yet the words that they say portray. People are like my flickering ghosts, that I try to pray away, in their shades of gray. Some people only bring forth dismay. Some people can speak gaily, yet for them it is okay.

Yet no one hears me, however, I am with these people all day. Why do I have to stay? Held at bay, listening to all their nah-say, though I want to be home and play in the hay, to lay there in the sun or rain, the rest of the day. People do not talk to one another anymore. People are careless, cold, blank, and bleak in their frenzy of life.

People; do not understand what living is anymore, they sell themselves short and upset others in doing so. People are letting everything, which they see, have, and lust for gently slip all away, day by day, with what comes, and with what may.'

Which made me think… one because it was a couple of good paragraphs, and two because it was so true and had some meaning behind it. So-o, maybe I can write, what do you think? Maybe I was saying this because everyone else has their face smashed into their cell phones and babbling about nothing and everything that has

no substance. I wonder why I typed this, in this almost possessed like trance.

However, I read it once more and realized that, if you do not have a number that you do not stand a chance in this land of smartphones and other electronic devices. So far, I would rather have a dumb phone or no phone then be a smart-ass that controls it with no outlook or wit or logic behind what is expressed and received. This also reminds me of the fact that Health class is just a waste of time in high school. We all had those talks, a decision of a plan ‘B’ without really

going into what needs to be identified. Do this… do not do that… or you will go blind. ‘What a big steaming pile of bull shit.’ Do you remember the Health class in fifth grade? How could you forget about that film… you know the one, oh god- I do not want to see all that… in that much detail up on the silver screen. Maybe that is it… Was I traumatized all my life?

I think back on that day-

Hello!

We are only eleven years old, ‘Yet there are some girls like Ava that was giving it all away long before this

class.’ Please do not take his innocence away from us, oh… yes scarred for life. If you want to stop teens from doing things, then stop given them misleading information. ‘Now that is a Google search that most teens do.’ Besides, just like everything else, there is a Fix. Yet to me the fix should not be capsules handed out freely without a thought of what can be, or what is stop forever. Giving kids the green light at the age of eleven is going to lead to a crashing explosion, with some of them moving on, and others left behind with broken dreams and split hearts. I am not taking birth-control, if there is no need

to, that is my decision, now and forever, I just do not like the idea of it.

(One day later)

Sitting here vegetating… yet thinking as always of thoughts… as of now, I am thinking of thoughts, that makes me so angry. What pisses me off beyond belief is when kids pick on kids. When teachers do not do their jobs not only are they supposed to educate us, but they are supposed to protect us. We are in their environment and their dwelling… it is their job to oversee us.

Now I am not saying that they are supposed to be there holding our

hands every waking moment of the day, but they should be there to oversee that others do not do things that would be catastrophic. I have seen it too many times not just in Lily's case but also in others that have been around the world other kids telling kids to kill themselves because they are worthless and have no meaning in life, what a bunch of bull shit…

This is my question- 'Who the hell do you think you are.' You should be ashamed of yourselves for even making such judgments. Not only do I see kids picking on kids, but I have also seen the higher authority picking on

students until they cry. Furthermore, if we cannot trust the teachers that are the backbones of the school system who do, we trust? I think the teacher was wondering why I was making faces at him while I was thinking- will oh well.

Pissed off- is not even the word for this category however when individuals tell others to kill themselves…

Really!

How can someone make someone feel that they need to die? Who are you? You are despicable and

you must have a black hole for a heart, how can you make somebody else feel like total and complete shit constantly. ‘Stop it now!’

People like this need to take a long deep look inside, and if they cannot find anything then they are inhuman. Think about your actions before you speak or do something, just remember what you do, and what you say will come back to haunt you. That is a promise. If somebody is bothering you, just remember there is a light at the end of any tunnel. You will get through it; they will be the one left to crumble to nothing but dust.

That is if you keep your composure, in a matter of time that is rough you will have to stand strong and fight your demons, ‘Do not be a victim, be a Victoire!’ You will make it through to another day, another week, another year. You will be the one that is better off at the end of these misfortunes because you will know how to react in every situation. Trust me I know; I have lived it! When you hear and look at something or someone, do you use your full comprehension to determine a thought?

Listen to others- words think about their meaning. What do they

have to say? Is it positive or is it negative? Is it deceitful, is it hateful and is it distasteful? If so, that is when you make the decision not to listen or look. That is what I do, and it works for me, it just might work for you. We as human beings are programmed to listen to nothing but negative words and dwell on it that is just the way the brain works. We could get twenty good comments throughout the day; however, the only comments that remain in our minds are the nasty ones, negative comments that someone said and it plays over and over in our minds. At least that is the way it is with me, I

know. Why? Because, that is how our brains are involuntarily set to think, and we need to stop thinking in this way. Just remember that- ‘positive thoughts, bring on positive actions.’

How do you stop their words? How do you rebuild self-esteem and image? How do you deal with the embarrassment of rejection, and being put in categories that you do not deserve to be in? How would you handle all this? What do you do if no one is listening to what you have to say? How do you make people open their eyes and view what is going on around them? We all make mistakes,

but does that give anyone the right to call someone out for that mistake over and over?

Should we dwell on what they have done wrong or should we let it go? However- What is the better question is- what would you do? So-o, what are you going to do?

Chapter: 13

A Closed Book, Sealed, and Sheltered

Do you remember middle school? All I can remember was the clocks that ticked my life away, that

was hanging from the ceiling. Along with the smell of chalk dust floating in the air, opaque with a tunneling effect in the halls. All the walls were either tissue paper-thin, or cinder block, which makes no logical sense for a place of learning. All these dented, scraped, and beat up lockers; I can vaguely see the faces without the names as they opened them. All the hallways that interlinked to one another and the staircases that went on forever. A cavernous hole in the middle that interweaves the entirety of its geometry, with its moldy shag carpet… oh yes that space that is generally in

darkness, yet they call that room the auditorium.

Just out of curiosity, aren't you supposed to do activities there? All the windows in the courtyards, which once shined the light of day where all now boarded up and gone away forever. Also, who could forget the black slate countertops in which we engraved our names and all the pencils that were thrown into the ceiling tiles just for the hell of it, to leave a legacy behind of what we have gone through? I cannot say that all the educators at the hellhole are ruthless, that would be a lie. One educator, in particular, stands

out and his name is Mr. Ashmore. He cares about the students; he worked with me along with others. Yet he is an old school type of teacher. This class brightened my day; he cares about the arts and my creativity.

Furthermore, how the others brought me down… yes, I was still with and around a bunch of rejects, which just do not care. However, with this person I excelled some in my education; even if it was not documented that I did… I was very grateful for having such a positive role model in this land of despair my eighth-grade year, it was so nice to know that

someone cares, at least more than the rest. It is not that all rejects do not care… they either do not have a stable home life, or they do not have educators that care about them, they need to be pushed to be motivated. It has become too easy for people to put other people into categories instead of looking at the real problem.

About this time in middle school from seventh to eighth grade, this is when the groups start to form. Do not get me wrong, some of the judging's start long before these years if you have the words of a toxic tongue that slandering you constantly this can

change the outcome of your existence, for the upcoming adventures of high school.

My Hell started in first grade; mainly because of one teacher, when she said I needed individualized assistance. For the reason that I could not read ‘See Spot Run!’ as the others, or maybe I could, and they did not want me to. Maybe she was waylaid into letting me slide behind. Who knows, they are never going to talk.

Do you remember the examples of preps, jocks, and nerds, and let us not forget the outcasts of rejects? This

is all determined long before you walk through those double doors; your fellow students are going to be part of whom you are going to become, but also the higher authority has a big say in it all. If you are programmed to be beneath the rest, that is where you are going to remain, versus having popularity and establishment along with the superior name.

This establishment is created, and it will automatically place you and them. Yet those that have higher levels of popularity have more establishments, and the ones like us get nothing because we are the scum on

the floors of the lowest levels that they have made for us.

You are probably wondering why is this important? The explanation is the ones that are in the higher popularity, and society is the ones that obtained the education, also the ones that are handed the scholarship, and the best overall outcome of experiences. Which is not fair to the ones that work just as hard, if not harder than the others do?

Mr. Ashmore brought me up to heights of excellence in my schooling that were never thought possible by the

ones that doubted me in the hellhole establishment. He also helped me deal with my surroundings, which overall served my well- being by being a positive listener. He likes to joke with me saying quote- ‘Wow, daydreamer how did you get so many correct on your test?’ And- I would just giggle and say- ‘In a dream and not reality comes to the greatest creativity.’

(Home once more typing at the typewriter, late into the night.)

Page two- ‘It is just the game of life… What is plain to see? What is never going to be? What is going to last

forever with you and me? Someone comes into my life, and others go away forever. Someone brings you happiness, and others bring forth pain. Some bring respectable memories; as other reminiscences fade away in the pouring down rain; it is all part of the game. Some will make you want to feel nothing but shame, and others will bring forth the fame. It is all part of what you choose to do with your flame; it is all part of the game. If you want memories to remain, we must all feel the same and be the masters of the game.

Do you know my name?

Does anyone feel the same? Should I point fingers at the ones to blame? Will all these memories be washed away in the rain, or should I set them all a flame, and see them as they blaze, so I don’t recall any more past days. So, I do not have to live life in a daze. The game of life is a gigantic maze, on all the shuffling days.

The memories will play; the flames will dance and sing. What are these new individuals going to bring? Should I spend all my time with the ones that fly with the white wings? What is going to happen in another full

swing, if all these individuals are not all here next spring?

Do you know what to think? Do you know what you are going to make sure of? Do you know what to look after? Do you now understand what to do with your flame, in moments of shame, on the days of rain? This is all part of the game.'

What do you think of Nevaeh-?

Mr. Ashmore- 'She is a good kid, sweet, caring, artsy, and oh so witty. No, she is no one's dummy… that is for sure, but she has a hard time, doing tests, reading, spelling, and even

some math and things like that. Because of her anxiety, she is smart… just not on paper. Yet she has been so mixed up with the past skills and teaching… I can see why.'

Nevaeh- The sisters like to call my home phone line at all hours of the day and the night, and there is no way to prove it because the numbers are always unavailable. What to do…? They want to keep my line busy, so no one can talk to me. What ends up happening is that Hope takes the phone off the hook; so that we can get some quiet. They do not say anything on the answering machine, but- yet they like

to take up the whole length and the recording with their moaning and heavy breathing.

This goes on at least ten times a day. Plus, they like to record all the conversations; I have on the phone with others when I do talk to someone. Just remember the cordless phones work off of radio waves, which others can tap into if they know the frequency… and I am sure they do! The sisters do not want me to talk to anybody; they know that I know who it is and it is them-them alone; but how do you prove that they are doing it when the town thinks you are the crazy one. They want to

know what time I leave my home; what time I am on the phone, they want to keep me awake all night long ringing the phone, and not leaving me alone.

They want to know all my arrangements before they happen, so they can destroy them before they even take place. Hell, they even want to know when I take a shit, take a leak, or even change a tampon too. I look in my bathroom mirror, and I swear I see one or more of their faces in the foggy glass. It is like they are watching me…! I cannot even have any privacy in my own home. They will not leave me alone at all. That is why I do not have a cell

phone; no one is allowed to call me anyway. I wonder if they can see me now?

I am sure they can…! Oh yes, some nights they throw small pebbles at my bedroom window glass Pee-ing, Pee-ing, Pee-ing, from the ground. Then they call out my name, Nev-aeh, Nevaeh…

N-E-V-A-E-H!

(Their yelling whispering gets more amplified every time my name is called.) They call out, just like the soundings off of the town fire whistle siren, uncannily in the calm still of the

nights' breezes, however, it rings lastingly in my eardrums, as panic sets in. 'Saying you have to come out and play… come out from in there if you don't, we will get you to play with us at school!' 'You are going to come out at some point. We just want to play with you!' -They would say in an animus voice.

Hope…! She comes busting through my bedroom door, and says go play with your little friends… Nevaeh…! 'No- no! That's okay!' I would say. Hope- 'I don't see why you don't want to have friends? But- that's up to you!' (Stomping out of the room

with a door slam!) No- she just does not get it… no one does!

While they weigh there all night, and Ava climbs up the tree next to my porch roof, then she jumps on the rooftop and crawls up to my window, and then she looks in at me… with mischievous determination! She has even unlocked the old window of mine somehow, and slid it up through the night… I could feel her presence. Like, she has even put a spooky ring on my finger, and laid a black rose flower in my belly-button, and touched me in the night, while I was asleep…!

Yes, the photo she has on her phone shows me there, yet how do I stop it, if she makes it seem like I want all that… even my girlfriend thinks I am cheating on her. That's so hard to explain to her, or anyone really; Oh-hum, what did I do to deserve all this? I do think… She locks my bedroom door, with a copy of my skeleton key that is to this old farmhouse, so no one can come in through the night, and see what she is doing to me.

I am not even safe in my pink bedroom anymore! Plus, I know that my teddy cannot help me out either, yet I hold on to it, for he knows all my

secrets. I know she has put her dirty little long fingers in my mouth, and I have sucked on it not knowing what it was, and she has gotten on top of me to…! I just know it. Yet, I always feel so drowsy, when I hear them calling for me, like- I have been drugged up… I wonder if I have been? Yet- how…? It is like she has stood over my bed, and said- 'Boo!' When I was asleep, she would flashlight like it was beaming in my eyes with a flashlight, and she said… 'It's me- my love! I am going to sleep with you tonight!' What choice do I have? It is either do- it, or face their

wrath at school, yet I was so looped… I did not know if I was dreaming or not.

(One day has passed, my thoughts!)

Just like when I did have a cell phone. I think that they use the Global Positioning System, which I had on my smart cell phone to track me down. It is as if they had their clan's members with the blue and red-light bars, on their wagons following me around the towns, just to see what I was up to… and where I was going and where I had been. So why have it, if I cannot have freedom! I do not do anything wrong…

yet the others can get away with everything.

So why keep something that I cannot use in the way it should be used. It is just a waste of time for me anymore. I understand that I am all alone when I am not really by myself. That even the dreams, which I have, are just as painful as being awake. It is as painful as being injured or cut just like it is during the school day. It is emotionally and psychologically grim, and it is hurting my brain to grasp that it is. Being awake and daydreaming is the same to me just like today in Bio-Chemistry, I learned that I am a skanky

slut and hoe, and in English that I am mentally retarded ‘Even though I maintain a ‘B’ average.’ Plus- in the lunchroom that I am just freaky and creepy, you learn so much about yourself when attending classes at the hellhole. Like most people are concerned about what I do, rather than the rats; that run past in the middle of the floor.

(One day has past thinking, in class.)

I have always hated the fact that I continuously feel so awkward around others that do not know me,

and they judge me for it. I am just shy and that is it. If you let me gain trust with you first, then I will most likely become your best friend over time. Why do awkward things keep happening to me?

(Another opinion)

I do believe that People are not something that you collect, they are something that you earn. What do you think?

(My dating advice, He- he- you have to be kidding me. While okay here goes nothing.)

So how do you know if someone is into you? You- ask?

Okay well- You have to look at the signs that they are giving off with their body language. If someone is not into you, you will feel the harshness in their voice, and how they act. You should be able to understand that you are getting rejected by their movements and lack of compassion, and eye contact. This is when you should move on, and find somebody that is worth your time.

Because, if you do not do this that is when you look desperate and

tend to come off as creepy, and nobody wants that! Thus, in other words, if the conversation is dying, do not stand there and kick a dead horse… Let it go, and walk away, and try again some other day. Yet sometimes I need to take my advice… like really. If somebody likes you or is into you, they will do whatever possible to be around you.

‘Yes, even if they are extremely shy like me.’

Like, many of my admirers will pop up at random locations where I am, ‘This is so sweet, yet kind of stalkerish?’ –Don’t you think?

Nonetheless, you have to draw the line on what you think; determining what their plans are going to be with you, and having good judgments while reading between the lines, and understand the characters is a must to distinguish. Like, I said before, I can comprehend what someone's motive is before they open their mouth just by reading their body language.

Then when they finally do speak this is when I will know if they want to have a relationship, or just be acquaintances, or friends with benefits, or not friends at all. I tried not to fall for a bunch of lines and end up

heartbroken on a one-night stand, I have to know if you are in love or just infatuated with making any life-changing engagements.

So, the question remains- what is the difference between love and in-love? You can decide… Hum, or is at all lust that brings us together? I have to think about that one. It is all about the signs you see and hear, to look for to know, that someone is into you.

As if there are unnecessary means of touching or contact between the two of you. This is a great sign that they are into you, or it could mean that

you have an unwanted friend…! Yet, also look at the position of their body or torso; if it is slightly turned towards you at an angle when standing in front of you, this is a good sign. This is how I knew that he liked me.

The tone of voice is everything to me, with uncontrollable laughter, stumbling on the pronunciation of words, and flirty eyes, these are all going to give off the true thought of expression within; you will know if they want to get to know all about you or just some things about you. You can understand what I am saying.

First of all, if somebody likes you then you have to make them feel comfortable around you, which also applies to those that have difficulties at first too. ‘If you do not want them around you, be sure to reject them nicely.’ That is all you can ask for really. I know with me everything is very awkward… But- it will work itself out. If somebody is into you, they will observe you from afar, meaning they will gaze at you and suddenly look away. Besides if they are a shy person, they may not make eye contact with you at all. These are all common signs.

A sweet smile is the most common way to know of approval, if someone has a big smile for you every time you see them, then that is when you know they are into you and want to be around you. Also look for fidgeting expressions for example hair twirling, biting of the lips, playing with clothing, and Posture readjustment. Now if your admirers- is- the shy type that is a whole different situation, but shy people tend to be withdrawn, and try not to make a fool of themselves in front of the person that they are interested in.

Why?

Because of the fear of rejection or that they will lose the chance they might have with them. At least that is the way I am. If you look for the signs you cannot go wrong. Some of the signs will differ from person to person. Life is a game you have to figure out what each person's unique ways are all about. Try to understand what they want, and how they are going to go about doing things, compromise and appreciative gestures is everything.

The signs of awkwardness may mean a form of attraction. Try not to mistake the friend zone for the dating zone. The wonderful world of dating in

high school, she's dating him… He's into her… She's brokenhearted… And the girl he's dating like somebody else. That is all part of the dating game in high school, one big love triangle with hatred in all the social circles. It is all just part of the existence of life… within the hellhole establishment. If I can help someone out throughout the day, then I feel as if my day is complete. ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ This stands true with me and is a virtue that everyone should practice. In everything, including in the dating world. ‘Doing good things for others, then others will do good things for you.’

I try to believe that! How was that? Was that- good? Yes, no, maybe…? No- No…? I did not think so, okay! Yet, I am just a fifteen-year-old girl here- I am sorry.

(The next day at lunch)

Maiara- She walks up to me, and slams her plastic tray down on the table. She starts giving me a chewing out like, I have never had before!

Maiara- (Sobbing!) 'You- you have said that you would never break my heart.'

'Now look at you!'

‘What are you talking about,’ I asked?

Maiara- ‘What am I talking about? What the fuck- Nevaeh! You should fucking know it is all over the motherfucking school! You- slut- you muff loving whore! You- were flat on your back with her, on your damn bed, fooling around. Oh- my- sweet- baby- Jesus! Shit, and with all people, it had to be with that girl- Ava! Why- Nevaeh? Why- would you do this to me? You made me look like a complete dumbass!’

Nevaeh- ‘I did not do anything! I am not trying to break your heart, and I would never do that! You know that honey.’

Maiara– ‘Do not call me that… anymore! Ahh- I can’t believe you!’ (Crying- so offended. ‘Sure…! That is not what I have been hearing, and you have shattered my heart, here pick up the pieces.

Yeah- here is my fork; do you want to stick that into me too?’

Nevaeh- ‘wow! None of it is true…! You of all people should know

that? So, are you asking me to be sorry, for something in which I did not do?'

Maiara– 'sure… you didn't- sure! And- I am just an idiotic girl, to spray your piss on- right?'

Nevaeh- 'No! Please! Believe me! I was a set-up! Like, always!'

Maiara– 'Sorry! I cannot right now, I need time away from you! Okay- maybe it is not you, maybe it is me? Either way, I need a break from us!' (Hurtfully- speaking.) Oh, why did I let myself fall in love with you?' (Mumbling speaking the word 'Why?' repeatedly.

While she was crying, overtop of her food.)

Nevaeh- ‘They are just trying to break us up…! Can’t you see that? Can’t you see that this is all one ass-munchers illusion, which she made up?’

Maiara- ‘Oh shut up, I can’t even look at you, and stop trying to swear you are not good at it! It is never your fault is it, Nevaeh?’

(Nevaeh is sitting flabbergasted, taking it all in.)

‘Nope! I didn’t think so!

AND- And… even not, you were with her… so! No! She was with me,

and I did not want it. I don't even recall this taking place! As I said, they see me and you happy, and they want us apart, and they are going to do it too… if you let them.'

Maiara- 'Oh! So, now it is my fault- Okay… I see!'

Nevaeh- 'Okay- whatever, feel that way. I do not give a rat's ass. You can kiss my ass girl, and if that is not dirty enough for yah, then kiss your own, and see how you like the taste of it!'

(Nevaeh- She gets up, walks away, and sits at an empty table, all by

herself. With the look of hurt and shock on her face, yet knowing this was going to happen, at some point in time. Eventually, all the grains of sands in the hourglass of their time together would run out, she knew, and she would be alone once more, like always! She recognized that it was coming, just like a thunderstorm pouring down rain, which would never end. Nonetheless, was it the end? She did not know. The clan has rained their disconcertion once more, the dark cloud over her head was stronger than ever before.)

Chapter: 14

Choices

‘I am so happy because today I found my friends, they are in my head!’ – Nirvana That song was playing on my radio when I got up this morning for school. That is so true to me too. It made me stand in a frozen dumbfounded pose of awe, as I listened in and absorbed it all, the lyrics and the grunge sound made me feel alive; yet at the same time, it is like I felt the pain of the singer.

I understand how he feels. Then before I even walked out of my

bedroom door, I thought about what had happened the day before, with her. Yet I know, not to think about it, yet I do. It was my first thought getting up, and my last thought going to bed last night, the fear of being all alone again… I cannot take this shit. Maiara and Chiaz or anyone really, I give up on it- 'I am not going to chase what I can't have!' Just like the second song that was playing while I was getting ready, so, I am going to quote the musicians from the rock group 'Rush!'

'If you choose not to decide then you still have made a choice.' This is so true… So, in other words, what

you choose determines how others react to you. Also, how you react to them, as a result, reacts in the right ways… if you can. I know that I did, yet she did not, and he did not either, and I did, and all of them do not either. I wonder if we can just be friends someday, or is that going to be awkward too, if we could. Would it be possible? ‘It's impossible, tell the sun to leave the sky, it's just impossible.’ That was the song; I was singing walking down the pathway today while waiting for the horrendous bus to show up with its flashing lights. That is one of Hope's

records, which she plays while doing her chores a lot- a lot.

(The ride)

Yes, I am sitting on the second bench back from the front of the bus alone as always. Certainly, always going down the same unmaintained bumpy road with its dust and dirt being kicked up from the bald tires of the bus. So, all that grime is coming in my window and landing on my clean uniform. Why? Because, my window will not lock tightly, and no one is going to close it for me; So, all that dust comes pouring in at me, and the others

in gusts. Yet it is my fault that it will not shut. They all say! Because I am too weak and stupid to know how to close it up. 'It is just stuck!'

-I said!

'Yeah… just like, we are stuck with you Ta-rd!' -One girl said.

'Fuck- tard- Fix it, or I will pound your pee-pee minded, dick- weed head, and fake it until you do.' -The one boy named- David said. Yet- the bus driver did not hear or see a thing. Yet, some days he just yells, 'Nevaeh- shut up, or I will write you up.' 'But- but- I didn't do anything!' -I always say that

every day! ‘Go be on the short bus where you belong.’ –That was said, by a girl named- Jolie, she is sitting in the back. I did not say anything back. Like their books, pencils, chewing gum, fondling, mean words, kicking, punching in the face, scratching, blood splattering, shoes tapping, tampons and pad tossing, and spit blowing, were all flying at me, or on me.

The air all around me is cloudy just like my thoughts, which started rolling in as I am on my way. Only to stop at their stop, and they get on, and it all begins once more. I bite my lip and start to tremble, as I get ever so

close to them… I can see them standing outside, and they get closer and closer until they get on, in front and behind me, and they smash everything, that they are, and have all up in my face!

(My thoughts)

If others are poisoning my reactions, then I decide to siphon them out if I can, the sooner I do… the sooner I can heal myself, and get back into the circles of life. This is when I make the decisions to try to figure out what is causing the negative energy- 'The dark cloud' in my life before it is too late.

Remembering that there are many options I can take. I could be like those that will never speak again, and end the existence of life eternally, and become an angel with either white wings or black wings, depending on my life history, what I choose now determines where I go in the end. I remember that this is not the recommended option to take; I will try to find help from someone, and choose a better decision. I remember no matter how bad it may seem to be in my life… there is always a way. There is always someone, which loves me, and cares about me.

Yes, even if it does not seem as so… I live in the hope of someday.

I remember that my decisions can take away meaning from others' lives that do care, just because of one decision that is made. I remember that it cannot be changed, this time there is no plan 'B' if it works. Yes, I remember what happened to me when Lily passed, which helps stop me. I can choose to be the ones that gain a voice, and speaks out, for the other individuals that are not so fortunate.

On the other hand, I can decide to be a guardian angel for someone

else. I can help the innocent lives that are being beaten and crucified mentally and physically. They do not have the strength to speak on their own, by using my voices of harmony and speaking up for someone, I can give all of the strength to make a change for the better. I want to stop the words of slander, and abuse of kicking and punching. For this reason, that is who we are to make the decision, that we are better than someone else when we were all created to be equal.

I want you to think about that the next time you make a choice also. Some of us need to choose to relax, and

not sweat the small things in life that bother us. Generally, everything works itself out, like what she has said to me before. ‘If it is meant to be then it will happen, and if not then it was not meant to be.’ –I remembered that… so, I hope something works out. Yes, I would have to say it is okay to question God and see why this is all happening.

(My thoughts, in class today as I regress.)

Anxiety and stress come over dwelling on negative thoughts of the demonic powers, you need to learn to ignore all of them. Stop dwelling on the

pressures of life, and get out of your comfort zone this is what most need. Like that is what I need! This decision will make you live a better life, and have a more productive existence in your surroundings. So, with that said… if you need more time to make a choice that is going to benefit you in the right ways do so, even if there is a deadline, looming over your head, or around your neck sort-a speak, like a noose. I know there is always tomorrow, only if I can indoors. Things will change and become better for me, that is a promise from the divine master, of the game of life. Just because I do not know, what is

going on all the time does not mean that there is not a plan for my being. That is what I think anyway. Nevertheless, I cannot be sure of anything.

(Deeper thoughts)

Do you remember your middle school dance? I do not because I was not there. I still wonder about it from time to time. What was it like to be there?

Remembering how everybody looked back then comparing what has changed in all of our lives, realizing the innocence is gone forever, and time

goes by, without the right memory. So, are we asked to grow up way too fast in society these days, or does the higher authority fill our minds with dark thoughts, or does the technology rape our minds?

Once again, I will let you decide! Yeah, looking back, the eighth grade goes by like a bolt of lightning, with all the yearbooks with scribbled names, everyone else has pinned the same phrase in their books ‘Never change!’ yet that is what we all do… change, and grow into something, that cannot be controlled, or is controlled by something, that is out of your influence

to control. Just like- ‘The decision is yours, do the right thing!’

(Present time in the halls.)

All the books I carry could be knocked out of my hands and left behind for all I care. Still, they have to travel with me, and the words that they tell me are not fair. All my papers fly up in the air. Others make my life despair, finding new creativity in which to share, yet all the faces still stare, I comb the hair over my face and eyes so they do not glare. All the paper and creativity that will tear, we could stop this if we would make the dare.

The four Amsel sisters for some reason cannot keep their hands off my stuff.

I do not touch your shit, so do not touch mine. I mean seriously keep your hands off! Speaking of the four sisters, they are the only ones in the school that were not drug tested during the lockdown that we had together for fighting. Hum- I wonder why? The rejects, their purses, and bags we dumped out, and their lockers searched, and all the contents are shown for everybody in the hellhole to see… ‘Isn’t that wonderful?’ Because we are a danger to ourselves and

others. -So, they say! You know, it is not as if I am going to bring a gun to school. Yet one did and he just got a fine, and one day out to play, out of the school. I do not get it. Hey, I do not make the roles. Plus, I do not want everyone seeing my personal belongings, ‘Shouldn’t this be against the amendments of freedom?’

However, the ones that need to be tested for drugs and weapons are the ones that get away with everything. That is all part of the hellhole society. Like I have said, some can get away with anything and others do nothing and get reprimanded for what they do…

it is just bad luck I suppose. Reject- Ryan Gibson has an obvious snuff ring in his back pocket, he spits all over everything.

He has spiky hair that is somewhat distracting, chains hanging from his wallet, which is an accident waiting to happen, yet no one sees that. Ryan- he likes showing off… one thing, for instance, is how he- has five tattoos, and two of them being portraits of his two kids, offspring are from two completely different girlfriends. Let’s not fail to mention his hygiene problem; you can smell him before he walks in the building. He is not the brightest

crayon in the box; the rumor in the hellhole is that his kids are going to finish school before he does. Yet this is what I am classed as too? I just do not get it! Stoner- Timothy Lartinez smokes two packs a day. Yet this is okay. Prep- Jessica Marshall pops pill out of a candy dispenser. Well, who am I to say what is right and wrong? It is your body you can do whatever you want with it. Just do not be stupid.

(The periods)

I have a teacher who is known to be the most gifted science educator and astrology fanatic, here at the

hellhole. He likes to say- ‘We are all made out of star stuff!’ He is an interesting character, to say the least, he wears a lab coat constantly and combs what little bit of hair he has on his head all to the front. He drinks six cups of coffee per one class session, it is funny how high strung he is… somebody whispers one word and he jumps five feet in the air.

Dr. Valadez is his name, he is constantly talking about evolution, and that the Bible and religion, in general, are just one of the greatest works of fiction ever created.

Dr. Valadez is the dumbest smart person, which I have ever met if that makes any sense. Have you ever noticed that some people are so smart they lack common sense? For example- This man will put his face right down to a Bunsen burner to light it. I am not a genius, but I know better than to do that. Every time I or one of my classmates walks through the door, he always says quote- ‘When I kick the bucket… just put me on a wooden raft and float me out on a river, on a full moonlit night, and light me up like a Viking, and send me back to the stars.’

I just chuckle in my mind, yet I understand his logic, but I cannot help but roll my eyes, as well as wonder what is this man thinking… or is he? Since in my mind I think, you will not need that raft, because you are going to blow yourself up long before you need that, or your kidneys are going to fail you… or something like that is bound to happen. He is like a ticking time bomb. Boom- Boom! Something exploded! What a whack- job! Yet he is entertaining for us all in the class, I would have to say, I get a belly laugh, we all do. Not because we learned anything, 'No!' It is more than this is

such a joke, to sit through every day. Yet he is the so-called smart one? I suppose that puts a completely new meaning to ‘Ashes to ashes dust to dust.’ I personally just find it to be a gruesome way of disposal. But- yet once again… it is all that you choose, and your beliefs- right?

(Next period)

Once again, I am in blood-curdling Bradbury’s class, we have to endure the same babbling performances of attention by her- one of the higher authorities. Except for today, we have to do our annual weekly

spelling bee. However, the spelling list is probably what would be, considered to be at the second-grade level. I am thinking to myself along with the others that have to sit through this class along with me. ‘Really if you cannot spell by the time, you are in high school, most likely you never will.’ So… as the teacher is pronouncing words like Cat, Fish, and Dog.

Once again, the door is hanging open the whole time, and our minds are forced shut. We just have to sit and listen to her screaming at the top of her lungs once more. As we roll our eyes in embarrassment and slide

lower and lower in is a desk with humiliation, as she gets pissed, and the pride we had before walking into this class gets pissed on. The two reject twins Mary and Carry in the class mocking her in their fake British and Irish accents. Mary will say something like- ‘Oh- Bloody hell Miss. Bradbury, I pissed my skirt!’ Because she was not allowed to go to the restroom by herself. Then Carry will say- ‘I need to go… are you going to look at me this time?’

(Irish) Marry- ‘It is cold in here!’

(British) Carry- ‘Yes, yes- it is!’

(Irish) Marry- ‘I agree, truly!’

(British) Carry- ‘Yes!’

It is a little- ‘Nipple-a-ly’ in here, is it not?’

(Irish) Marry- ‘Surely, I need a jacket, to cover them up.’

Me- he-he, with a giggle!

At that moment, the pink slips come out once more, for all of us. ‘You all can sit in detention’ -She would say. - ‘I don’t care!’ Thinking to ourselves, we got news for you we do not care either. You sick twisted crazy bitch!

The only things we care about is how you are screwing us over. Since there is not a damn thing, we can do about it.

Yapper just stuck here, yes jammed in here, in all these classes, just like the food that is stuck in Miss. Bradbury's teeth, and adult braces. You know that is never going to come out either. Then it is back to the two-class clowns. Oh, believe me, I almost pissed my skirt just laughing at those two comedians! The stuff they pull is just not normal. Yet again, what is normal anyway? You have to have some fun… just like- 'You are not alive unless you

live a little.' Therefore, that is what we all try to do, live a little.

However, that is not allowed for us, in these classes… like this one and this classification. –I presume…! Some days what I do generally after this ridiculous undertaking of achievement, of forming letters into one-syllable words on insignificant papers. I open my notebook, and start drawing something to entertain my mind, which is not allowed by her, she takes my drawing or whatever has been created and rips it up. Then she throws it into the garbage can. Yet being creative is something that she will

never understand. Oh, how I would love to wipe that grin off of her face, however, that is what she wants me to do is retaliate so that she can throw me in the dungeon lockdown with the other rejects, after hours.

Then the bell rings, and into the halls, we go to be run over by a stampeding herd, all the faces still stare, yet they do not have a care about anyone or anything. Walking down the hall, you will see the two other rooms with the rejects that are in lockdown, generally for no good reason, however, the authority makes everyone else feel that they need to be punished. Just

because some of us learn, think, and do things differently than the so-called rest of the population in this school. Sad to say that I am forced into being part of this grouping, a classification of labeling that is complete bullshit for anyone that has to indoor what they want us to do, say, and think. We are railroaded into it, and the tower is in control, she oversees the higher authority and the decision- making. It is all out of our hands, and those that refuse, have two options. They either put up with what they choose for us or have an alternative education at another establishment of hell.

I call this lockdown; some of the rooms are no bigger than six by six feet, or so it seems. You are not allowed to move or speak for seven hours while some greasy-haired prick stares at you and makes sure you lose your mind. Talk about solitary confinement. Just like every other class, I have to ask permission to go to the restroom. All these years, I have been asking permission just to take a piss and dripping it while holding it in, when not allowed too.

Times like this- ‘I have just learned to become a space cadet, and dream my life away. Fantasy is a whole

lot better than sitting in this reality.’ To keep from, exploding! I wait until the classroom bells ring out. Then I have to go to my next class which is music and listen to the shouting of DeVolcano the fat bastard, that has something against the rejects, and anyone that is not his pet. Ava, for example, is one of those pets; she gets all the solos, it is hilarious because she has no talent.

Nevertheless, she gets the spotlight and I am left behind, it is funny to think that they even let me out of my little room long enough, to take a music class.

DeVolcano thinks that I cannot handle it, or anything else for that matter. I guess the completely made-up documentation is all the proof that he needed to make such judgments. I just politely go on with my day, because there is nothing I can do anyway. Then again, I told you this guy had issues, Along with the rest of them.

(The support)

I have this emotional support teacher named Miss. Thorn, this woman was and still is a nut job. Yet she claims that I am a danger to myself and others, yet she creeps on me at the

oddest of times, however, she never sees what they do to me, only what I do back. She makes it seem to the higher authority that I need to be in all these special classes too.

Why?

Because I am too much of a distraction and a hold up to all the others in their so-called… normal mainstream classes.

Oh, yes and because I have emotional problems too, let’s not forget about that- or so they say. They all say that I need this…! Yet all my peers get to sit through, their normal days.

Yet, I am locked up with the rejects, which do not care, if they all get a diploma or not…! Woot! Woot! For me- right! What gets me is I do care about getting good grades, and I want to be in the normal classes, yet the higher authority will not let me be normal. They want me to get behind! So, they can have their substantial income, I was a target for the reason that I have no one that would fight for me. If I would speak up, I would get this quote shoved in my face.

‘You can go to an alternative school; we can have you sent out. ‘To a school that would fit your special

needs.’ You know to a loony bin, funny farm, a dumb-dumb school. Yes, I know of some rejects that went there… it is not good! They go out as one person, and if they come back some-day, their minds have been raped, and they are never the same.

All the rejects myself included having a speech teacher named- Miss. Mendoza, her job is to teach us the sounds in a word- ‘To break it all down.’ If you are categorized like me then the teacher thinks that you are too damn stupid to learn how to read and write a complete sentence without their so-called help. So, every day we go over

the same old shit never getting past ‘Aaa, Baa, Daa, and Caa.’ We sit in the breezeway, being timed while reading our first-grade storybooks, day in and day out. As the other heartless children that walk by us yell-

‘Sped, Sp-ed, and SPED-ers.’

‘Look at the sped, which is messed up in the head, they should be dead!’ ‘–cute you can rhyme!’ Words I hear from them every day- ‘Sandwich makers, creepers, retards, losers, you should die, freaks, you're a waste, don’t talk to any of my friends, afraid to fight, no-swag, simple-minded.’ Just to name

some. As they go to their normal classes, kids are so mean to what they do not understand!

What is funny- I most likely forgot more than they even know.

Yet I am the one that is classed as a loser in this society. Oh, well, - I guess! I did not deserve all this crap! All they did was mixed me up with everything. They all say that I will never do anything with my life. ‘But I will!’ Therefore, as of now, I am just sitting back while taking mental notes. Yet, I cannot help but think you all will get your payback someday. You just

wait and see, somehow and some way, you have hell to pay, I am certain of that fact. Just like- Someday you might want me, and I will not want you!

(A class I cannot have.)

The art teacher is an asshole! Mr. Zimmer this man cannot even draw a stick figure. Yet he is known to be something remarkable. That reminds me, that I am not allowed to take any creative classes, electives, or something fun. Everything in my studies, I mean everything I have is basic, basic, and basic. I have to do the same extremely basic elementary

studies all my years here. It is like in math we have not even gotten past 2+2=4!

Lucky if we know how to read an old-style clock. Lucky if we can make a change with money. We are lucky if we know ten of the US states. We are lucky if we can fake to people that we can read more than what we do. Luckily if we can fake the words, we spell them out on paper to hand to somebody. Lucky for us we can do what we can do. No thanks to them.

Oh- yes, the world can be a very scary place, when you cannot

understand or decipher what it is you are looking at, and everything goes fuzzy and scrambled when trying to focus in as if it all jumps around on the page. Then again, it is just as scary when they cannot understand you, and what you are trying to say or write to them. I always hated reading to the class, or when I was tricked into reading something to someone and having to stop at every other word. It makes you feel like a damn fool.

Just like when the girl next to me in class has to whisper every sentence to me. I feel that my IQ is about the same as my shoe size. I want

to run out of the room and never face all of them ever again. Nevertheless, I know that I am not stupid. Yet I feel that way, and they see me that way. Though, what can I do? So, the higher authority said that all my time in school needs to be spent in a closet doing basic things because I have a basic mind. Hence, so I can get caught up in my studies… now that is a joke…!

They also have for me what they call support class. No class, just time to do whatever I need to get caught up on, from the other classes I am in. Yet that consists of… not much of anything. Most days you just sit their

sucking air. Like the only thing you get in this period is a bunch of negative and hurtful comments and deceitful advice. I do not give a shit about you; it is their attitude.

There is no help for the rejects; the only escape is the library if you are lucky enough to getaway. There were days I remember that I stayed in the same room, with the same teacher, and I did not leave for hours at a time. Then people wonder why I am a social retard? This is how I feel about any support classes or special education; all they do is support you in becoming a loser. It is not what is needed to learn.

It is a waste of time, a waste of someone's life. It stops that life from living; I should know I am living with it. You try it and see how you like it, and we would call you crazy too.

In these classes, we know that our voices echo down the corridors as we read this shit, but we are forced to read out loud. Everyone knows that we are the rejects; they can see and hear that we are not the normal kids in the school. The other teens walk the halls with a strut, yet we are their suckers with the walk of shame, everyone that sees us glares down upon us as if we are from another planet. Like we are so

gross, to them that we do not deserve to live or inhale the same air as they do. That reminds me- Just like Ava keeps saying that she is going to bury me alive, on top of Lily's grave! Okay then- what the hell, is taking you so long; just do it, if that is what you, and your posse want. Then I would at least have Lily next to me for some company.

Chapter: 15

The Past It Haunts

I think back to the past often and look at my life, and ponder my thoughts to see, who was there, who

was not, and what is no longer and never going to be! I think about getting older, the memories they come and go, the stories start and end, what do I have to show for the life that I have led? As of now not much, who do I have to blame, or should I blame myself for what is out of my hands.

Do I blame myself, or the others or should I pin it all on the tower? Sometimes I sit on the swing that is part of the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams, and I see my life flashed before my eyes. I float on a stream of air, and it drifts me away at the day's end, and until it becomes night once

more. I set, and it is as if I watch as the seasons slowly change. Sometimes, I see the pouring down rain.

Sometimes, I see the sun.

Some days it is like I do not see anything or anyone, for they are lost to me as I am in my fog. It is just like all those days that the snow starts to fall heavy, as I set with the freezing feeling inside and out. The fields are covered over with ice and snow, with nothing to do.

It is no fun to sled ride, snowman making, and snowball fight all alone. All I can do is sit on this

swing while looking over at all the magical wonders of Jack Frost. It is beautiful, yet so cold. Just like me as the days get emotionless, so do I.

It is like I freeze up too, as I sit with not a thing to do, or go inside and sit too. Looking out the frosty glass of the split windows feeling oh so blue. Just like the overcast sky, and snowdrifts on the land that reflects the airstreams paths, which cut right on through, that soft frosty color, and the flakes flutter outside it seems two by two. It is these days when the times change, and the night comes rolling in far too soon, and the lights outside

have halos of iciness around them. As well, the ancient hand shovel becomes my best friend time and time again. Just like, there is a season for everything and everyone! ‘One is gone away forever, for another to be born… it is all part of the circle of life.’ I believe that the divine master is the connection to our ancestors.

If we listen, we can hear them as they speak wisdom down to us. That is only if we tune our ears to what they have to say.

Can you hear the voices in your head as I do? Sometimes the sun

shines; sometimes I am sitting alone in that rain watching as it pounds my body, and sometimes the rays of sun soothe my soul. Sometimes, I am not alone, even though she is not seen. There were times I was with Maiara Chenoa, and we talked about the times of the past, present, and future. Now all I have is the past to think about, and the future to worry about living. Oh yeah about that thing, I am so happy to say that she and I made up, about two weeks after our fight.

However, it will never be as it was before. We are just friends, and nothing more. She comes over to my

home on the weekends again, like before, yet not quite like beforehand. Sometimes she joins me and we become us again, just like some will watch and protect us, and some will try to destroy.

Nevertheless, she is the one that guards me the most; she is mine, and I am hers. Can you fathom what I am saying to you? She watches over me in her glow of white. We speak of a place that is so unlike what is known to the rest of the mere mortals, which live in this land. Do you understand? No? Oh, you will!

(She talks to me)

She speaks to me with her words! Saying things like- ‘Being persistent are the keys to be truly happy. The greater the struggle, the greater the reward will be!’ ‘That the more I suffer, the more it shows that I care, and care for others. What I plan for myself is what I am going to grow into, and that is what I will become.’ ‘To always remember, that you are only a doormat as long as you let others walk all over you. When you focus on what you have been given, and what you have received in your life, that is

when you know you have something to live for.'

She said to me. She would say- 'If you feel that you do not have enough without whatever you think is needed, you will never have enough of what it is that you want. True faith comes within; it is not repetitious.'

Who is she, and why does she keep saying this stuff? Well… you should know! Yet I have to say that Repetition is a part of life; it is a habit, not a belief. In doing the right things good things will come, that is only if you have faith and the belief not a

reputation of repetition. I have learned from her that all your dreams can come true, even if everybody else thinks it is impossible.

You have to look at your own heart. Because no one can see your true story other than you. They can see fragmented parts of what may be but they cannot understand the full picture, the pitchers showed when it develops into what it is meant to be. One other thing that I have learned to do, even though it is difficult… is to look into my mirror and scan over my body and speak.

‘You are beautiful, you are positive, you are smart and creative, and you are something extraordinary that has meaning to someone.’ It is all because of her, she makes me feel good about who I am, yet she always did when she was with me, as I always did for her. ‘No one can stop me because I am perfect just the way I am, and nobody is going to change that fact.’ She made me promise her that I make the assurance to say one nice thing about myself, each day. What if I do all things will look up for me in my life. To keep telling myself all these beliefs…

To- ‘Always think positive… about yourself and the others around you.’

‘This will help you live a more confident fulfilled life. It will bring happiness to you, and the others that you are surrounded with also.’ Therefore, from that, I have come to believe. If the others do not see my vision, that is when I walk away and find new ones that want to be in my illustration of life.

Remember they have the choice, but it is your final decision about what you choose. Like everything in life is a sin it seems, yet it is known

for us not to dwell, sometimes you just have to say what the hell, and see what happens. God is marvelous in what he has us do, even when we have no clue what we are doing, he does and she was sent to me because I was in need. I have to believe; I do believe that because she is next to me right now! You cannot see her, but I can. And- no, she is not imaginary; this became an ability for me, that started after my second chance at life. When I thought I felt free from the noose, she saved me, from certain death!

(Have faith)

I believe that if you tell yourself something long enough you can achieve anything. Furthermore, if you hear somebody's negative comments long enough you will believe what they have to say. What it may do for us and the others, which are part of our lives is an adventure in itself. That everything is just memories of the books of life. Like even if others that are part of the chapters do not want to be a part of our story or not, they all have some meaning and are meant to be in there-yes for some purpose.

‘Do not believe the lies of a toxic mouth and tongue, for they do

nothing but destroy your true being of self-expression.' Generally, it is a bunch of nonsense words and thoughts of jealousy, hatred, and judgment. You have to believe in yourself and believe in your abilities. 'You will not believe what you can do if you only imagine.' I have learned to let go of the past and all the yesterdays for they are no longer, the importance is the tomorrows to look forward to.

That reminds me of Soul Travel- by definition is the astral projection and analysis of out-of-body experience. It is the adoption of an 'Astral body.' Like when it separates

from the physical body, it is capable of traveling outside; I have felt that, as I have been with her. I have had this sensation many times in my life now… after that day. Oh yes, others have tried to penetrate mine, as you know. I can feel the energy. Just like the definition of an Angel is a supernatural being or spirit, often depicted in humanoid form, with feathered wings on their backs and halos around their heads, found in various religions and mythologies. Well, it is not a myth at all!

They are real!

They are real to me… I can see them as I said Lily, she is next to me right now! -She said hello, by the way. Oh, be nice to her as you know she is shy! There is so much more to them than that awful definition implies. They live within us and around us if we accept them in our time of need. It is like her spirit body descends and hovers around me at all times, she guides me now in my life path, only if I want to listen, and if I want to understand what she has to say. Just like true love never dies! You can even talk to them, and see them in front of you. Like I can! They are not that

different from you and me. It is a great gift to have! ‘Angelology’ is an extraordinary study.

Something I had never thought about until that day and days after.

Just remember that all demons, devils, and fallen angels, they were all defeated the day Jesus was hung on the cross. Yet that does not stop them, the living people that want to follow what they say, and that have a hunger for blood and death, to do what they do- just like they do to me. Just like the sisters do, I am next on their hit list, and that is the reason why. They are

truly daemonic! If you find them, do not listen to them! If anything, you should look down at them, because they belong below your feet. Do you know what I mean?

If not just think about it, and you will get it. The one thing that is interesting about life, and the others surrounded by your society, they know what they are doing… they know if it is right or wrong. Yet there may still be a drive to do the right or wrong thing. It is all depending on their beliefs on what they choose to do, and how they want to do it, and when they are going to do it. ‘I believe that everyone will

have their day, and some will have a second chance.’ Like me! However, do they deserve it? Like, was I worthy of, having it? That is the question; I will let you choose, what do you think?

(My life as of now)

I would have to say, and I believe that I got rid of some of my demons, throughout this last year, which has hounded me over the years and bites, at my heels constantly. Yet they still get at me sometimes, nevertheless what is known from there tells and rumors remain in some parts of this land of many steeples, that is not

going away anytime soon even with the help of Lily. She can only do so much for me. Still, I feel this is my time now! I can feel it, like the wind in my hair on a summer's day. I feel the time for me to do as I please, and spend my time in the summer breeze is coming fast. I feel that all is coming to the past. Maybe someone else is going to come along with me also at some point, on these days to come, I sure hope so, I have faith that it will.

Who knows what will happen? Over this summer's break coming up. What will happen is out of my hands, but- yet at this moment as of now I can

lose the shackles to my inhibitions, and then be free, if only for a little while. I think about love this way now- ‘It should be that cupid's arrow that strikes at a most unlikely time. It is when you may realize that they have been in front of you all along, that is what love is all about.’ Love may just be right in front of me, and I have overlooked them? Always thinking I was not good enough, not cute enough, and not sexy enough. But- maybe I am? Maybe, I am my hardest enemy?

(Looking forward)

I believe- ‘A relationship will change me, and also you in many ways for the greater good or bad; this could be the right time for an association, that looks like it is about to deliver us the promises, comfort, pleasure, and lust that may come with it. This can be the start of intimacy in our lives; this may never be the same again without you. I know this is either going to pass or fail, in our relationship, if it works!’ – As planned! I know that everything in my life cannot always stay the same. Things are going to change. It is all part of the journey of life that our master creator has planned for us; it is

all part of the path we choose. ‘We have the ultimate freedom to do as we please, to please the others around us, and to please our creator, to please our educators, to please our students, only if we choose to do so.’ Though I now feel that, it is my turn to do what I please, with whom I want to please, and whoever wants to please me. It is time for me to do what I need to do, and what I must do!’ I feel that I need to make the plans for someday, even as of now! I can dream, and that dream is going to come true, I can feel that it will!

(The secrets of a closed book)

One of the places I go

throughout the day is a room that is considered to be the library. A room that is mysterious in its creation, a room that is lonely and longs for companionship, a room that contains endless possibilities. This intrigues me no end, just like the books I do not want to be judged by the covers, I want someone to open me up, and look inside… or something like that? This is a place where I go to regain my composure yes because I have all these endless thoughts and all the impressions spinning around me… from all the days. All of that in which I have

gone through, I know that there will not be anyone else in the room that will disturb me, from the rebuilding of my emotions. Plus, it is so good to get away from that little room, when I can, as you know, the days are coming to their end, slow- but sure. I love to stroll through the hellhole’s library, where there is a smell of moldy paper and yellowing thoughts of the past from all the authors that have been forgotten.

The librarian's name is Mr. Kunze the man has to be in his late seventies, you will see him sitting behind his desk half passed out, or looking over the books, that have been

branded impractical by the hellhole society. Mr. Kunze's glasses sit on the desk because there is no need for him to review anything because there has not been a book checked out in years. He is a forgetful person, repeating and murmuring the same phrases over and over. He refers to all the females as Jane, which comes across his range of view. Most of my classmates speak of him as being crazy, however, I think he is a genius, yet it is chosen not to be seen. He was left to be forgotten like the books on the shelves. Jane- was his late wife. Mr. Kunze's- 'Jane, Jane is that you?' –Nope, it is just me, your

friend Nevaeh. What did you do with Jane, sweetie? He asks me all the time and I have to say- ‘She passed on.’

He would say- ‘Oh, I see!’ Then he starts to cry, and tells me, the stories of how they encountered their togetherness, and their lives together. - it is so sweet, yet so sad. As preteen lovers on their homeland over in some European country, they both immigrated separately on steamer ships as teens, just too somehow, met up in this same town a few you are later on planned. A True love they had, with fate- that is what I want also! I look at his photos on his desk of his

family, of his five kids, not one of them cares to say a word to him, or call, or whatever.

Yet, I think he has done his job well. He tried his best; I feel that he did; now when he needs some love back, he is not getting it. The only one that loved him was she. Yet, that is life… it seems I think I know how he feels. Just like I suppose thinking for yourself is not allowed in this unorganized establishment. All the books that make you think on a higher level have been locked away and stored away to never be seen by anyone that has a brain left in their head. It is like

the spiders have made curtains of webs that block out the many volumes of information, that will never be acknowledged or obtained by my classmates, or me. The walls and the keyboard avatars are the ones that create the fiction placed down upon the characters in which they choose to harass. That is all part of the existence of life within the hellhole.

The cyber webs replaced what was once known to be the ideal way of retrieving information, the fantasy lands and mind created places that were generated in the fiction category are lost forever. The facts in the text

are all marked or printed to be out-of-date, and are nurtured senselessly to the others to be identified as not needed in life anymore. Why look in a book when we can ask a computer? – They all say. The hellhole library is a dark and dusty cavernous space that was once found to be useful. Back in the days before electronics took over the minds of the world.

The floorboards creak as I walk down the long mahogany tattered cases that are known to contain nothing but forgotten information. The only other use for this space is for the teens to cut class for a place of passion; for they

know that there is no one there to catch them in their various acts. The library is ghostly in its sounds, which seem to resonate across the chamber of whispers. I hear in the distance many distorted and twisted sounds… Maybe it is the sounds that are echoed from the air ducts, which are connected to all the classrooms? Maybe it is the sisters and clan following me around like always. Maybe it is the entities that are trying to escape from my dream catcher. Yet I am the only one that can see angels fighting them all off. Yes, fighting them off me, along with their demons, devils, and other spirits.

The ones they worship also are in these battles. They like to stock and fondle me as they fly all around me. Just like the sisters do what they want to do to me. It is like they use their evil powers as the energy stores, to get inside of me. The evil spirits come from the tower's spells. Have they followed me here from the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams to diminish me? What is that sound? It could be Lily expanding her wings, flying behind me as she is casting down her glow of protection right above me, never far away from me. From what I can see Lily fly’s particularly fast to keep up with me if I

need to run for some reason. It is like you can hear the screams from the hell, Maybe- it could be the teens cutting class, one or the other there is something plain spooky about the hellhole library, I feel as if they cast down on me with a spell. ‘The pages seemed to whisper to me, yet I cannot hear what they have to say, their cases are forever closed, and they are faded in their colors that all blend into one another, yet they sparkle in their temptation of wonder.’ However, it would be inappropriate for someone that is classed like me to touch and view them, so I just walk past, trying

not to even look at them. Just like love, it is forbidden to me. But someday soon, I will see!

The Art Deco-style interior with its cascading lights seemed to dim as if the room has its heartbeat and pulse. The sun's rays beam in streams, the only room that has natural light, yet it is hollow and vast because there is no other human life in this section. The only part of the hellhole library that is inhabited is the new section which contains the modern-day technologies of acknowledgment. It is more important for us as a society to use electronics for entertainment and

retrieval. We all have become illiterate and lazy, yet they say I am more than they are. Why- should we look in a book when we can push a button, however once again it is all about what we choose to do? ‘So, do we light all the books a flame and forget about them forever? Or do we all smash our electronics, and go back to information that makes perfect sense?’ The choice is yours what would you do?

(Time is ending)

Mr. Kunze was forced to retire after that year, and that section of the library was sealed off forever, brick by

brick… gone never to see the light of day again. They are books in the dark, books that speak to the heart, books that once were considered to make us smart. Books that are now falling apart, all these books that will not be seen, it truly breaks my heart. It is hard for me to say goodbye to these works of art.

It's summer, time to make a new start!

Chapter: 16

What I Need, And What I Have

Chiaz Nazareth- How do I get away from Alissa?

I do not know if I can anymore, how do I break up with someone that will not let me break up with them? She is latched on to me forever it seems, bonded for life? However, I want to move on to someone new. I plan to become friends with her best friend Maiara Chenoa, and maybe fate will take its course and we can finally be together. That is only if someone does not try to ruin my plans. We are going to be together; I just have that feeling. The wondering eyes, the eye in the sky. She believes that she can talk to Angels that can fly. All the days rush by, still, I try. However, she is so shy, having no

choice but to sign, and standby, and waving to one another secretly at the day's end; no, we cannot even say the words goodbye. Allison and Alissa, two of the sisters like to watch us, and follow us everywhere we try to go to get away; they like to see if I will cheat on my so-called girlfriend –Alissa.

Ava, her little sister, is not Nevaeh’s girlfriend! Yet in the eyes of the school and town, she is. She knows what I am going through, and I know how she feels too. They make it so we are kept apart. However, it is okay… for my so-called girlfriend. Alissa to do whatever, she can do as she pleases

with any person she wants to please, I just do not like it, yet what the hell can I do about it, at least I know that I will have her to feel my needs, yet she is not what I need. She is someone to hold on too. Thus far, she has been holding on to far too many. I do not like all the running around, which is sickening. I think that a girl that has been with more than two partners is disgusting.

Yeah, what can I say, I do not want the leftovers. It is like any more you have to steal your girl from her momma, when she is at a young age, and raise her just to know that she is going to be true to you. Also, to know

that they have not slept with every walk of life around here. Yet that is difficult too because it is not like the old days.

Girls can say anything, and a guy can get into a lot of trouble. I should know what I have to put up with, by the ways of her. Yet I am stuck in her grasp with no choice in the matter, I have to watch every move I make because it will go back to her and her family that is awe so powerful. They could ruin me with their word of mouth like they have with her. However, it is also tempting to break the ties away from the Amsel family, and finally be with the girl of my dreams. ‘But as of

now I just have to sit back and wait, and plan accordingly and let the puzzle pieces fall into place.’

Nevaeh- Thank God, that my sophomore year of high school has come to its completion. In all, honesty, I need a break, and I am tired of everybody's bullshit. However, I am going to take some of the people's advice, and get out there in the real world and intermingle with others. Let's see what the summer has to bring for me. It shall be interesting, I cannot Wight! It is summertime June 6 it is here, at last, I have freedom, finally getting away from the hellhole. My

vacation is finally here, ‘I have independence at last!’ ‘I am going to try, and let the past behind me, and all of the days gone by.’ Hopefully, I can find new people whom I can establish a relationship with, that is if the tower and her clan do not follow me.

I will just have to wait and see. As I said, I have ideas. Oh, the summer breeze; bring some people to their knees. Staring up at all the shady trees, the summer is nothing but a tease, of saying the words like yes and please, while looking over the vast colorful horizons, and wishing to be somewhere there are gleaming seas. Even on the

summer days, I still run the tracks with its many different paths when I feel frustrated, and when I need a break from all the individuals. I feel as if I could run forever, and never look back. Maybe if I ran fast enough nothing wicked will follow me.

Lily my Guardian Angel she empowers me when my emotions change from calm, to sometimes turbulent. She helps me ride the waves of a troubled deep dark sea; she is always there for me if I fall to my knees. She helps me overcome my fears, and she wipes away any tears, she always stays near to me. She makes

everything clear; she is there to help me regain control. When life brings its fools and towers that steal my delight and tries to pull me into their black holes of fright. She opened my eyes to what is missing in my life and helps me see through the people who live in strife. And she lets me know that everything is going to be alright. She makes me see the world through her sight.

Lily- Her words to me where: ‘You are about to get involved in something serious. Do not take any misled opportunities if you can avoid, do not take anything too lightly, before

having considered all your options and choices. Be sensible, do not let down your guard. Listen to your heart, and your mind. Do not rush! If you rush things like- they may not work out as they should… so use this wisdom, you can save yourself from regret.'

So, Lily has white wings that resemble feathers on the ends of the wings, spiritual eyes that look into a pure soul. She radiates with the most stunning bright white light. I have learned that Angels that are younger than the age of twenty do not have robes of white. They have a spiritual body that is flawless in every way, and

they shimmer. Besides a halo that shines above their head. Yes, her hair is still braided. However, it flows in the gentle wind that seems to surround her as she floats above the ground.

Lily reminds me that I will be taking a great risk, that there will be new adventures in my life, which most likely will lead to passionate endeavors. She is helping me figure out the pros and cons of every situation, although she lets me make the decisions of what I am going to do next. ‘She told me I need to plant myself and grow into what I am meant to be.’

That I should stop dwelling on what I do not have and think about what I do, Lily expressed to me- 'That life is precious, and new lives are going to develop in my being.' At this time, I did not understand what she meant, she was very ambiguous with me, and left the deciphering making in my hands. 'She gave me the full picture. However, it was out of focus, only with time will it become clear.' Every departure Lily says these words: 'Do not live-in fear, because I am always here, just like you never forgot about me, I will be there for you!' Well, it is not so much that she goes away, it is

more like she just makes it seem like she is not there, I guess? She is fast, she can go up there, and back in the blink of my eyes, so maybe? It seems for some reason I have become Ava's and her sisters' clans object of desire- if you have not predicted.

However, I am going to refuse her grasp in every way possible. I feel that her demonic power is no match for the spiritual power that guides me, and guards me. Not to mention- 'It is about time someone stood up to her and her despicable family.'

I keep having premonitions. Some show me the way, and the others whisper to me. Some even call me up to their graves, like she did when she died, and I can see and feel them like they move through me internally. I can feel what may happen next to me, or someone else; even those that have not been born yet. I can feel it all, even if I do not want to. What I want to feel I cannot. That is amusing is it not?

(I remember this past school year, even though it is summer.)

I forgot about this one. One of the traits that the sisters like to due to

their victims as they walk past in the hall, spits on them, and makes sexual kissing gestures. Then walk by with their noses in the air, yet there is no one to stop it, no one to care. It does not matter where you go; they are always behind you or in front.

The only one that understands it all… and all about me is not seen by anyone but me. However, they may feel the breeze of her spirit. But yet I know she is always there for me. Once again- I am reminded of the bridge of dizzying heights, will I ever make it cross. Will the other side bring joy or pain? Only with a time shell, I know… Maybe once

I make it across there will be ultimate freedom, as I see in ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ the freedoms are slowly being taken away.

(What I see)

We are spiraling into the infernos. While the kids cannot be kids because there are too many mandates preventing them from having a childhood and technology takes the place of their recreation of play.

(Asking myself, why am I like this?)

If I think back on it there was no good reason why they made me part

of this rejected grouping. The only reason in my mind is that they wanted me to not have any popularity, and compress all my abilities and talents to the world.

Why?

Because, they are envious, jealous, and bitter of me, desirous of what... I still have not figured that out. Maybe I have something they want? Maybe I have some they do not want? I have worked extremely hard for what I have in my life, and I am blessed for everything, that is in my life's existence, and if you're jealous of me

you shouldn’t be, maybe try a bit harder, and you too can have what you want.

That is how I feel about it. Just remember that you cannot have it all! I would like to say to the sisters and everyone that jealousy gets you nowhere, my only suggestion is to work hard and you will have just as much if not more than I will. I would love to say this to them! ‘This is what you need to do. Grow up, get a life, and stop being so damn ignorant. Most importantly go be somewhere that is not in my path.’

(Most summer's days end this way)

I was walking home at night, from the bridge of dizzying heights like always, and past the graveyard. Always balancing my one foot on the railroad tracks one by one and Lily is not far behind. Yet out of the misty haze jumped out Ava or one of the clans, from behind one of these old oak trees along the way, and she or they jumped me. Like this one day, Ava tied me down to the tracks, with my own, one and only sundress that I bought for the summer days, she wrapped it around my neck and tied it into knots, through

the one rail, and she got her way with me ones more. Just like, she did in school.

Nevertheless, Lily was trying to fight her off me, and the sparks flew as Lily was struggling with her, and she was strangling me. Yet Ava's power was just too strong that night with the large full moon as the fire was in her eyes, and the look of a werewolf on her face, in the swoon light, it is like she is more powerful than another day on that night. It was like Ava was forming at the mouth, as she was attacking the top of me feeling me inside and out, as her evil soul was trying to penetrate mine. I

could feel her wet drippy nose up my dress. I can feel her long tongue flicking and licking me, up down all around. I can hear her make this noise- Mum, Mum.

Oh, the hot breath coming out of her mouth on each side, as she clamps on with her fang-like incisors, that are razor sharp. It is like her teeth would bite into me there, and make me so weak I would pass out. Until now, I would bleed without any bright markings left behind. Yes, even on summer days, they come around me. Like that day, Ava pulled up one of the railroads spikes up and out of the

railroad ties from the ground with her bare hands. Then she began roughly using it on me. It is like she pumps in cocktails of venom with her nibbles of taste, and my soul is floating out of my body as she comes in.

My body is paralyzed, yet I feel the pain, and my soul and faith are challenged. So far, she will never get me all the way, I will never become one of them! I found out that she loves to suck out my blood, and everything else that comes with it. For that is what gives her evil strength, it is the same as being drugged when she draws from me. That is why I could not remember

the times before, she slurps it up, and to the point, I go into shock. Always, Lily rips her and her sisters off me, and she pulls out their powers at some point. At the very moment, Ava and her clan run away like weeping puppies. They all go away until she and they want,' to try once more. Then Lily helps me come back to life, did I die once more? Did- I? Like I did before? Once more, it is not my time to leave this life. Why? I do not know?